

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 15.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1903.

One Penny.

## The Pianola

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.



WRITE FOR CATALOGUE B.



IT is comparatively easy to tell what the Pianola is, but very difficult to convey a correct idea of it to the mind of any one who has not seen or heard it, for the reason that it has revolutionized preconceived ideas, and there are no standards by which to compare it.

Broadly speaking, it is an instrument by means of which any one can play the piano. This includes those who literally do not know one note from another.

The word "piano-player" has been applied to the Pianola, yet the name imparts a wrong impression. The Pianola simply does the finger-work, striking the notes in the right relation one to another as they are printed on the music-sheet—the player retaining all the pleasure of producing the music, because he has full power over expression.

The Pianola looks like a small cabinet. It is rolled in front of the piano when you wish its aid, and rolled away when you desire to play the piano without it. It supplies the technique for any selection ever written for the piano, thereby increasing the repertoire of even the most skilled musician.

Think of the Pianola from a practical standpoint. You have a piano in your home, in which you have invested a large amount of money—certainly more than the instrument would be worth merely as an article of furniture. You may play, or you may not—there are undoubtedly many selections which you would like to play, but cannot. This limitation is not because the music is not in the piano, or for the reason that you cannot buy the piece, but simply because your fingers do not know the notes.

Picture for a moment a Pianola in your home. You can play for your own amusement, for the enjoyment of the entire family, or to entertain your guests. You can play your favorite grand-opera selections, the catchy music of the latest light opera, or the classical music heard but once or twice a year at a much-heralded concert. You can play Paderewski's repertoire, if you wish, giving it your own interpretation.

The Pianola must appeal to everyone who gives the subject thought, as a practicable and profitable investment.

It makes the piano worth to you all that it was intended to be worth.

The Pianola can be purchased on the hire system if desired.



We are pleased to show the Pianola to the merely curious as well as to intending purchasers, knowing that the instrument will gain another friend whether a direct purchase results or not.

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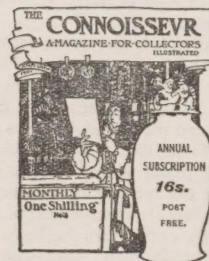
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3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220,



# TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Gusty and cold north winds; fine and frosty periods; some local showers of snow or sleet.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.3.

# SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel and North Sea moderate; Irish Channel rather rough to moderate.

# The Daily Mirror.

Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1903.

322nd Day of Year.

43 days to Dec. 31.

PAGE 3.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun. ....	22 29	6 13
Mon. ....	23 30	7 14
Tues. ....	24	8 15
Wed. ....	18 25	2 9 16
Thurs. ....	19 26	3 10 17
Fri. ....	20 27	4 11 18
Sat. ....	21 28	5 12 19

# TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

## The Italian Visit.

THE visit of the KING and QUEEN of Italy to this country comes as a pleasant continuation of those cordial international feelings which have lately been manifested between England and France. It is sometimes said that these royal interchanges of courtesy mean practically very little, and that they do not represent or affect international public feeling. There is a little truth and much untruth in that view. It is true to this extent, that no cordiality between Sovereigns could counteract or alter a deep-rooted antipathy between two peoples; but these royal amenities mean a great deal when they follow upon, and give expression to, a cordial feeling between nations. These can only address each other through their ambassadors or their Sovereigns; and, in the case of royal visits, the Sovereign acts as host on behalf of the nation. And it is in this light that we should regard the Italian royal visit to KING EDWARD.

There is, however, quite a peculiar intimacy between Italy and England which endows the present occasion with a special significance. Among the nations of Europe, England may be ranked as Italy's oldest friend. Ties of art, of literature, of inspiration in both, join the two countries; but bonds greater and more lasting even than these exist. The House of Savoy, which KING VICTOR EMMANUEL represents, has for long counted England as a sure ally; and it has been England's privilege and pride to stand by Italy during that strenuous period when she cast off her unworthy bondage, and rose again as a people free and new-born. England's support, both in sympathy and in the material service of volunteers, went out to Italy in her great struggle; and she has shown herself neither ungrateful nor forgetful.

So much for the international aspect of the visit. There is, however, the personal aspect, which in some way counts for even more. The personality of KING VICTOR and QUEEN ELENA is what constitutes the real human interest of the visit. They are both young, not only in years, but in the cares and responsibilities of a throne; and they have both borne themselves in a way that elicits the most cordial admiration not only from their own people, but from those who are merely onlookers. KING VICTOR's austere training and repression as a prince had prepared even his own people to expect comparatively little from him as a ruler. They have since found their mistake. The rigid discipline to which as a youth he was subjected, the iron rule which forbade him to regard his rank as a privilege and taught him to look upon it rather as an obligation—these have, as we now see, but served to produce in him that austere sense of devotion to the common cause which is a first essential in the monarch of a free people. He has from the very first kept before him the highest ideals of duty, and has shown that he expects equal devotion from all who serve the country. He has promoted efficiency, he has uprooted bureaucracy—in a hundred ways he has already put his mark on a reign which we hope may be long continued and happily crowned.

OF QUEEN ELENA it may almost be said that she speaks for herself, or that her face speaks for her. She is remarkably endowed with those charming, wholesome, and essentially feminine qualities which we have all long admired in QUEEN ALEXANDRA. Her influence among her own people is altogether admirable; and no doubt before she leaves us we shall be able to appreciate still better her many rare and attractive qualities. It will be a universal hope that the fatigues of her visit will not be a burden to her, and with them to Italy many pleasant memories of English hospitality.

## Court



## Circular.

Windsor Castle, November 17. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy arrived at the Castle this afternoon on a visit to their Majesties the King and Queen.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Sir Charles Cust, R.N., received the King and Queen of Italy on arrival at Portsmouth on behalf of the King and Queen.

The King and Queen of Italy, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales travelled by special train from Portsmouth to Windsor.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princess Victoria and the Duke of Connaught, drove to the Great Western Railway Station in Windsor and received their

Majesties on arrival and accompanied them to the Castle.

Their Majesties were conducted to the State Apartments of the Castle, which had been prepared for them the Grand Staircase being lined by troopers of the 1st Life Guards, under the command of Captain H. M. Walker.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with their Highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, dined with their Majesties the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Italy this evening.

Captain His Serene Highness Prince Alexander of Teck, Viscount Milner, and Lord and Lady Lamington have left the Castle.

## All To-Day's News at a Glance.

### Social.

The King has sent a sympathetic telegram of inquiry to Lord Kitchener.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena of Italy arrived at Portsmouth yesterday, and proceeded to Windsor, where they were welcomed by the King and the Queen. Last evening the royal guests were present at a dinner-party at the Castle.

Princess Louise of Saxony, the ex-Crown Princess, who is on her way to the Isle of Wight, left Paris for London yesterday, travelling via Calais.

Viscountess Barrington has died in London.

Lord Roberts continues to make satisfactory progress.

Sir John Blundell Maple is a little better. Prince Soltykoff's condition shows a decided loss of strength.

### Political.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking at Frome last night, said that all good Liberals would welcome Lord Rosebery's appeal for unity at this time.

Mr. Ritchie will reply at Thornton Heath to-night to Mr. Chamberlain's accusations made against him at Tyneside that he sprung on the Cabinet the day before the Budget his refusal to accept the preferential treatment of Canadian corn.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain left Birmingham for London yesterday, and may proceed to Cardiff to-morrow for the great fiscal campaign meeting.

After speaking at Cardiff on Friday, Mr. Chamberlain will address a meeting of Conservative working men at Newport, Mon., on Saturday.

Mr. Hall Caine was returned to the House of Keys for the Ramsey division yesterday, receiving 503 votes, while his opponent, Mr. Kermode, received 281.

### Home.

Sir J. T. Ritchie, the Lord Mayor of London, has promised his assistance in connection with the "Bart's" Hospital appeal, and a Mansion House meeting will be held on January 26, 1904.

It has been decided between the London County Council and Sir J. Whittaker Ellis that nothing except conservatories shall be erected to interfere with the view from Richmond Hill.

Property of the value of £10,966 has been left by the late Mrs. Charles Spurgeon, widow of the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Mr. Frank Stow, an assistant lecturer at Birmingham University, has disappeared mysteriously.

Miss Ada Reeve has now nearly recovered from an attack of typhoid fever.

Raw, chilly weather, with occasional sleepy showers, prevailed over the greater part of England yesterday.

### Foreign.

Princess Beatrice will attend the funeral of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse at Darmstadt to-morrow.

An Imperial letter from the Sultan of Morocco, read in the Mosque yesterday, declared, in reference to the recent rebellion, that the country is now happy and that business is good.

So well is the Kaiser progressing that no further bulletins will be issued for the present.

The steamer City of Washington has arrived at New York from Panama with the Commission appointed to negotiate the Panama Canal Treaty.

Speaking at Washington, President Roosevelt uttered a hope that a century hence corruption in public life would seem incredible.

Austria and Russia have called on Turkey for a prompt decision in reply to the proposed Macedonian reform scheme.

General de Bourbon, who was imprisoned for being concerned in the Madrid gambling scandals, has been liberated before the conclusion of his sentence.

A well-known French motorist has arranged to start from Paris to-day to make an automobile record between the French capital and London.

In consequence of some Japanese being injured in a brawl at Seoul, Korea, the Japanese Minister has demanded satisfaction from the Korean Government.

The history of the recent arbitration agreement between England and France, signed on October 14, was made known in the French Parliament yesterday by publication of the correspondence. The matter was opened by the French Ambassador interviewing Lord Lansdowne in May last.

The "Voce della Verita," the Vatican organ, publishes an enthusiastic panegyric of British liberty, which allows the Sisters expelled from France to establish themselves in British towns, and receive courtesies there.

Though Dr. Ibsen's mind is still perfectly clear, he can do no more literary work.

An interview with the German woman who has awakened after seventeen years' trance is published in another column.

While she was bicycling, near Dresden, a young girl was knocked down by a motor car. The driver left her lying bleeding and unconscious in the road. He has now been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

### Law and Police Courts.

Judgment was given for Mr. Benito Weiser, a stock broker, against Mr. Samuel Segar, who induced the former to compromise a debt of £7,577 9s. 6d. for £4,000 by "shamming" illness, the jury finding that the defendant had sufficient means to pay the whole debt.

Declaring herself the granddaughter of a deceased Irish den, a woman yesterday asked the Bow-street police to lock her up on account of her being destitute.

Further efforts are to be taken to secure the extradition of James Lynchhearn from the United States.

For having gone through a mock marriage with a young woman, and having forged a marriage certificate, Frank Collett was sentenced at the Old Bailey to three years' penal servitude.

George Hill Dickson, a cashier, charged at Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday, was sent to twelve months' hard labour for stealing from his employers £266, which he squandered on betting.

Evidence for the defence was taken yesterday in the vivisection libel case.

William Scarlett, late assistant overseer for Birkdale, was yesterday committed for trial at the Liverpool Assizes on a charge of embezzling £1,191 poor rate and with falsification of the books.

## OUR ROYAL GUESTS.

Queen Alexandra and Queen Elena Meet at Windsor.

## A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

Italians Assemble and Greet Their Majesties.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The King and Queen of Italy disembarked at Portsmouth at 12.45 yesterday afternoon, and continued their journey to Windsor, reaching their destination at 3.29, one minute in advance of the scheduled time.

"At the moment of our arrival on board the yacht Victoria and Albert, the Queen and myself are happy to tender to you as well as to Queen Alexandra our kindest greetings." Such was the first message dispatched by King Victor Emmanuel yesterday morning.

At Portsmouth the Prince of Wales led his royal guests through two lines of bluejackets, marines, and cadets of the Osborne Naval College; and amid the booming of guns and the enthusiastic cheers of the people, the royal train steamed out of the Harbour station.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra had arrived at the royal station at Windsor a quarter of an hour in advance of the time at which their Italian Majesties were expected; the King in field marshal's uniform, and wearing a thick grey service coat; the Queen in furs that covered a symphony in heliotrope. They were accompanied by the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian.

The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor were also in evidence, the mayor carrying a suspicious-looking roll that subsequently unfolded itself as an address of welcome.

The Italian national anthem rang out as the royal train steamed into the station; the Guards presented arms; the state colour flaunted its proud emblems.

Then followed a game of hide and seek. King Edward could not find King Victor Emmanuel; Queen Alexandra could not find Queen Elena. The Italian sovereigns were the first to discover their royal hosts. The two kings kissed each other on both cheeks; and the two most beautiful Queens in Europe stood eye to eye, making a charming picture as they embraced one another under the silken folds of an Italian banner that swayed indolently from the glass roof of the station. Next it was King Edward's turn to greet the lady from the Quirinal.

From the outset Queen Elena had won every heart on that august platform. With a delightful bow and in delicious English she thanked Miss Yvonne Shipley, the elder daughter of the Mayor of Windsor, who had come blushing forward with a bouquet.

Open carriages were the order of the day. In the first sat the two Kings, side by side, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught facing them. In the second were Queen Elena and Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria on the opposite seat.

Six other carriages followed, containing the members of the royal suites.

Queen Elena, attired in a heavy fur coat, had a charming smile or a bow for every body connected with her reception. When the enthusiastic members of the Italian Press raised stentorian shouts of "Viva il Re" and "Viva la Regina," she seemed delighted.

All the way from the station to the Castle her Majesty was questioning Queen Alexandra. Her eyes lit up almost dancingly when she recognised the humble members of the Italian organ-grinding fraternity, drawn up in a body near the Town Hall. This miniature colony had donned the picturesque garb of its native land. Numerous women and children were among them waving the red, white, and green of Italy.

The Eton boys, drawn up inside the Sovereigns' entrance to the Castle, also attracted Queen Elena's attention, as well they might, so unhesitating was their enthusiasm. Their interest was returned, as it was noticed that Queen Elena turned to Queen Alexandra and demanded particulars of these ebullient youths.

At the Castle their Majesties were received by the remaining members of the Royal Family and the Great Officers of State, who conducted them to their apartments.

The first part of the evening Queen Elena spent quietly in her own rooms. Her Majesty declared that she felt no ill-effects from her long journey, and those about her say that she is in the best of spirits. Everyone in Windsor is remarking on her beautiful smile, which so much recalls that of our own Queen.

We understand that both the King and Queen are delighted with their reception in England, and that her Majesty was both surprised and charmed with the beauty of the old borough that frames the most picturesque and stately castle in the world.



## AFTER A LONG TRANCE.

Interview with the Woman Who Slept Seventeen Years,

Thought She Had Been Asleep for One Night.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Bremen, Tuesday Night.

In the village of Grambke, near Bremen, which has become famous as the home of the "sleeping woman" Gesine Meyer, who has now awakened from her seventeen years' sleep. I had conversations this afternoon with herself and her father, Johann Meyer, who is mayor of the village, and his son.

In their quaint dialect they told me that Gesine, who is now forty-three years of age, fell from a cart in her seventeenth year. Shortly after this accident she complained of suffering from a severe headache, and then fell into a death-like sleep, which lasted three months.

After recovering consciousness she was perfectly well, attended to her usual household duties, and helped in the harvesting as if nothing had happened. For two years all went well. Then she again took to sleeping for considerable periods, interspersed by long intervals of normal habits. At last she went to sleep on December 17, 1886, and from that date until Sunday last has slept without interruption—a period of seventeen years.

On Sunday a fire broke out in the village and the alarm bells were rung. Scarcely had their harsh sounds penetrated the room where Gesine lay than she suddenly sat up in bed and called her father and brother by name. The surprise and pleasure experienced at her awakening, which resembled more a resurrection from death, may be imagined.

One of her first questions was about her mother, who had died many years ago. On the sad news being broken to her she cried bitterly. Seeing her brother, who seventeen years ago had been doing his military service, standing by her side in civilian clothes, she asked him why he was not in uniform. On his answering that he was now a married man and had long ago completed his military service she appeared to be surprised.

She was told that she had been asleep for seventeen years. "Why I thought I had been asleep only for one night," she replied. Gesine has no recollection of anything that has happened during this long lapse of time.

I was introduced into the room where Gesine lay on a sofa. With her clear eyes she looked with curiosity at the numerous relatives and friends who stood around her, congratulating her on her awakening. She recognised them all.

She was well nourished during her sleep. Her sense of smell was especially well developed, and she knew immediately if a stranger entered the room. The sense of hearing and of speech completely disappeared during her consciousness. Severe thunderstorms, the noise occasioned in the house consequent upon her brother's marriage, all passed unnoticed. She was never ill, and her digestion was unimpaired.

Since awakening, Gesine is in great fear of again going to sleep. Dr. Payne, the family physician, who had attended Gesine for many years, foretold her awakening, and it is believed that she awoke of her own accord and not through the sound of the bells ringing.

The reason for the long sleep is due, some affirm, to some disease of the nervous system. The case has caused an intense sensation, and thousands have tried to see the "sleeping woman," but only a few have been admitted.

## NOTED GENERAL IN A FRACAS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

A disgraceful scene occurred this morning on the Boulevard Haussmann. General O'Connor, who recently won the victory at Figueira, and occupies a position nearly equivalent to Lord Kitchener's in India, was assaulted by Captain Muller, who is on the retired list. The General was returning to his flat in the Rue Courcelles to luncheon when Muller, who was evidently waiting for him, ran up and struck him with his clenched fist full in the face, shouting, "You sent in a lying report about me and ruined my career, you blackguard."

The General closed with his assailant, and the two men rolled in the dirt. The General, when picked up by passers-by, was so shaken that he had to be driven home in a cab, though the house is but a few yards distant. "You shall have news of me," he cried, beside himself with rage, as he drove away. "When and where you please," was Muller's answer.

## THE WORLD'S AIR-FLEETS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday Night.

A group of influential aeronauts—and aeronauts find it easier than other men to rise in their profession—are making strenuous efforts to save the Eiffel Tower and the Galerie des Machines, which are threatened with destruction. Representations are being made to the authorities that the Galerie des Machines is an excellent airship garage, while the Eiffel Tower is a splendid landmark for balloonists on their way to Paris.

Funds will be raised, if the Government admits the idea in principle, to take over both the Eiffel Tower and the Champs de Mars, with the great Galerie des Machines.

## LORD KITCHENER'S ILLNESS.

Telegram of Inquiry from His Majesty the King.

(THROUGH REUTERS AGENCY.)

Simla, Tuesday.

Lord Kitchener passed a fair night and is now suffering less pain. His lordship desires to express his thanks through the Press for the numberless messages of sympathy which he has received, all of which it is impossible for him to answer personally.

Lord Kitchener has received telegrams from the King, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Brodrick.

## WOMEN JOURNALISTS.

Lady Sarah Wilson on Their Mission and Power.

Lady Sarah Wilson is the new president of the Society of Women Journalists, and a reception was given in her honour last night at the Suffolk-street Galleries. A large and brilliant gathering included Miss Helen Mathers, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Standen, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. and Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Lord Crofton, Lady Mary Shelley and Miss Shelley, Sir Thomas and Lady Troubridge, Mrs. Heron Maxwell, and Mrs. Brown Potter.

Lady Sarah, who was attired in a royal blue gown, powdered with sparkling blue paillettes, with a magnificent diamond and pearl collar and chinchilla stole, gave a neat little address, in which she disclaimed the honour of being a woman journalist—"one of that clever band whose thoughts, fancies, and powers of description while away many a weary hour." Surely an excess of modesty on the part of one who has achieved distinction as a war correspondent.

Lady Sarah rather disappointed her audience by remaining silent on the subject of her South African experiences. "Enough and more than enough," she said, "has been written and spoken about the past terrible war, and I shall reserve my reminiscences for our grand-children when all that is told will be received with the mellow light and calm of intervening years."

Women journalists, Lady Sarah thinks, have many advantages over their sisters, as their profession gives them means of enlarging their views of life and escaping from the narrow groove into which women are too apt to fall. "In extending woman's influence, that mighty weapon, the scope of your power is limitless," she said.

## SIR H. "G.-B.'S" REPLY TO LORD R.

Last night Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman addressed 2,500 Radicals at Frome, Somerset.

The chief points in his speech were:—

The country would never allow its trade to be conducted by Orders in Council at the discretion of a government of apprentices.

It was a cordial satisfaction to all Liberals to hear from Lord Rosebery that he was ready to share the labour and responsibility and public life in active co-operation with the united Liberal party.

All good Liberals would welcome Lord Rosebery's appeal for unity, especially at this time.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach thought that he could stop half-way down a waterfall.

## SITTING ON THE NATION'S PHYSIQUE.

The specially-appointed committee which is entrusted with the important duty of making diligent inquiry into the state of the national physique met yesterday at the Privy Council Office, and commenced their deliberations, which will, it is hoped, result in a report to the effect that we are not individually or collectively becoming a puny race.

All the members were present, Mr. Almeric FitzRoy being in the chair. The committee was engaged in consideration of the facts already available on the subject, and in arranging for witnesses who will be called at the next meeting.

## DIED WHILE WRITING A SERMON.

The Rev. H. Darley Bridge, curate in charge of the mission district of St. Luke's, Leyton, has died with a remarkable suddenness. On Saturday evening, after returning home from a holiday in Shropshire, he was engaged in writing his sermon for the next day when he was seized with a fit of coughing and died before a doctor could be procured. The reverend gentleman, who was about sixty years of age, was a zealous worker and greatly respected in the district.

## TRANSVAAL TRAIN ROBBERY.

Three arrests have been made, says Reuter, in connection with the robbery from a train on the 13th inst. of £10,000 consigned to the Standard Bank at Pretoria. The men arrested are alleged to be members of a gang concerned in the recent railway robberies. Further apprehensions are expected.

One of the oldest Justices of the Peace passed away yesterday at Runwell Hall, Essex, in the person of Mr. Thomas Kemble. Although in his eighty-ninth year he hunted with the Essex Union Hounds until last year.

## THE FATAL DUEL.

Husband's Dramatic Story of Jealousy and Revenge.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Tuesday night.

Until late last night M. Charles Ebelot, who killed his former friend, M. Lautier, in the sword duel yesterday, had refused to talk about the genesis of the affair, but just before leaving for Toulouse he did. Here is the story in his own words:—

"I am a married man," he said, "and father of two charming children. Though we have been married for eleven years, my wife and I are honeymooners still, or were until this man Lautier came into our lives. No, I am wrong. He never did that, but he tried to do so, and that is the reason I killed him. "Some months ago, my wife, who had been fond of going out and of amusement, changed altogether. She would not go out to the theatre, and seemed to seek any excuse to stay at home. I puzzled over this, and one day she informed me that she was being harassed by a young man of good family, who persecuted her with his attentions. A few days later I found her in tears.

"I begged my wife to give me the man's name, but she refused. Then the demon of jealousy took possession of me, and for a short while our home life was extremely unhappy.

"A few days ago I picked up a letter which had fallen from my wife's bureau. It was addressed to Henri Lautier, at the Hôtel de Louvois, Paris. My wife seemed much distressed, and tore the letter into small pieces. Taking the fragments of the letter with me, I spent the greater part of the night piecing them together. And this is what I read:—

"Sir,—My patience is at an end. You have now been torturing me by your attentions for two years. This letter is to warn you that at the very next step taken by you I shall tell my husband everything. I would have done so long ago had I not feared for his life in a duel with you.

"I left for Paris on the following morning, and you know the rest. Now that he is dead, I am sorry for Lautier. He was a scoundrel to pester an honourable woman as he did, but he was young."

The story I have given as M. Ebelot told the magistrate before whom he was taken after the duel, and it proved sufficient for his immediate release.

## Another Duel Yesterday.

This sad affair has brought another duel in its train, though this time, fortunately, no death has to be deplored. The reason of the second duel was of the flimsiest. The well-known explorer, M. Richet, squabbled over some trifling matter some time ago with two Paris journalists, M. Gustave de Villette and M. Henry de Bruchard. He agreed to fight first one and then the other. The quarrel had been made up, however, but Villette was one of the seconds in the duel in which Lautier met his death, and fearing that the little world of Paris would accuse him of cowardice, he insisted that the affair must proceed. He has been pretty severely wounded for his pains.

Yesterday afternoon the combatants and seconds gathered in the Parc des Princes bicycle track, where a crowd of fifty journalists, photographers, and onlookers assembled to see the fight. In the first encounter Richet's sword inflicted a deepish wound just over Villette's right eye, bathing his face with blood, and putting an end to the duel. A fraction of an inch lower and Villette must have been either killed or blinded. His sight may suffer permanently as it is. After this first fight the people present succeeded in making Richet and his other antagonist, De Bruchard, shake hands.

## ROXBURGHE WEDDING SEQUEL.

Fashionable women of New York are seeking the protection of the police, telegraphs our correspondent, from the curious, vulgar, and destructive crowds of dressmakers and other women who have shown themselves lacking in restraint in their endeavours to get near to ladies for the purpose of gazing upon, touching, and even snatching material from their costly dresses.

This action has been taken by the fashionable world as a protest and as a consequence of the disgraceful scenes which accompanied the marriage of Miss Golet and the Duke of Roxburghe.

At the Horse Show, which is in progress at New York, the police have orders to arrest on charges of assault any persons guilty of a repetition of such scandalous misbehaviour.

It is announced that the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe sail to-day on the Kaiser Wilhelm II., but their names are not on the list of passengers.

## THE DOWAGER TSARITSAN'S CHARITY.

Princess Clementine, mother of Prince Ferdinand, the ruler of Bulgaria, has received a reply from the Dowager Empress of Russia to her letter asking for help and support for the Macedonian refugees. Her Majesty states that she is animated by the most lively desire to alleviate the distress of the refugees, and accordingly, as President of the Russian Red Cross Society, she has directed that a subscription list should be opened for the relief of the refugees. Her Majesty adds that she will place half the sum thus raised at the direct disposal of Princess Clementine.

## SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

## THE KAISER: BULLETINS DISCONTINUED.

A bulletin regarding the German Emperor's condition, issued yesterday, says that as the healing process in the left vocal cord is taking a regular course no further bulletins will be issued for the present.

## KIPLING'S AMERICAN HOME SOLD.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's former home, Naulahka, Bartlettborough, Vermont, has just been sold for much less than it cost the famous writer. Mr. Kipling had intended the place to be his permanent home.

## PARLIAMENTARY VISIT TO PARIS.

The "Matin" states that among the members of the House of Lords who will take part in the Parliamentary visit to Paris are Lord Brassey, Lord Avebury, and Lord Strathcona. M. Mill, deputy for Calais, is now in London arranging with Mr. Louis Sinclair as to the programme of the visit.

## SPEEDY FRENCH POST.

The French Post Office, according to the "Figaro," has just made a record. A letter addressed to a person at Nantes was posted at Vannes, in Brittany, on April 11, 1899. It has at last been delivered, having taken four years seven months and three days to cover the distance of eighty-four miles between the two towns.

## KING EDWARD'S VIENNESE PORTRAIT.

An art firm in Vienna is exhibiting two bust portraits of King Edward, painted by the Viennese artist Kurtz, at Marienbad. His Majesty is depicted in a dark coat, a red tie, with a carnation in his buttonhole, and wearing a soft hat tilted at a slight angle.

Herr Kurtz has also made a picture of the King's favourite Irish setter playing with a bone. The pictures will be sent to England at the end of this month.—Laffan.

## MADAME HUMBERT VACCINATED.

Madame Humbert's luck is certainly against her. She has been but two days in her new abode at Rennes, and an epidemic of small-pox has broken out in the neighbourhood of the prison, and, though to a less extent, in the prison itself. Of course the prison doctor gave prompt orders for the immediate vaccination of all the prisoners. Yesterday afternoon Madame Humbert, with the rest, had to submit to "this new indignity," as she called it.

## CAPE ELECTIONS—PROGRESSIVE MAJORITY.

The Bond party in the Cape Legislative Council has again suffered a defeat in the elections—the first since the war—which have just closed.

The control of the Upper House of the Cape Parliament is now in the hands of the Progressives, led by Dr. Jameson, and the party stand for all that makes for British supremacy in South Africa.

The recent contests were fought on racial lines, the Bond pro-Dutch party opposing the reduction of the present heavy duties on meat and other necessities of life, and advocating a commission to investigate hardships endured by the Dutch under martial law.

The Progressives have a majority of one, which, small as it is, besides giving them control of the Upper House, places them in a strong tactical position with regard to the House of Assembly, the elections to which are to be held in the new year.

## THE ROBBERS' CAVE.

An extraordinary discovery has thrown light on numerous robberies of telegraph wires and street lamps in Paris suburbs during the last few months. Plain-clothes constables watched three men on the Clichy bridge. While one acted as sentinel, the other two cut a large electric cable under the parapet of the bridge, and put the pieces in a bag. Then they climbed up the bridge lamp-posts, and detached the lamps. Finally they got into a boat and rowed off.

The police, still watching, saw the boat disappear as if by enchantment, but at daylight the men were seen to emerge from a kind of cave. They were arrested, and once again the cave was found stocked with all kinds of articles, including quantities of wire and lead. The entrance was hidden by shrubs, and the river bank was like a combine of kitchen and flower garden. The men had lived for six months on the fruits of their thefts.

## BRIGHTER STOCK EXCHANGE.

## REMARKABLE REVIVAL IN CONSOLS AND SATISFACTORY HOME RAIL BUSINESS.

The Daily Mirror has to make its first report of good and more active markets on the Stock Exchange. There was a very decided change for the better yesterday. It was prompted by better news from South Africa, and by the fact that, no longer seem to fear a money squeeze, and at all events do not fear a 5 per cent. Bank Rate this week.

At once recent speculators for the fall commenced to buy back, and where there are big financial institutions interested in the markets, such as Americans and South African mines, they sent buying orders in and made it more comfortable for those speculators. In fact, there was a lively time in the South African mining market, and a tremendous lot of noise, with very little substance. Still, it all served the purpose, and the dealers, once again, began to feel that the Chinese demand for bullion would soon be procured, and they pointed triumphantly to resolutions by some of the Rhodesian financial associations asking for it.

American Railway descriptions were also put before the here financial houses concerned have the market at their mercy owing to there having been so much speculation that the fall. Speculators having sold what they do not possess have now to buy back, and the houses they only circulate sufficient "good news" about the railroads and the financial outlook in the United States that they should be able to get prices higher for the time being.



# THE VIVISECTION CASE.

Swedish Ladies Describe the Operation on the Dog.

## "THE SHAMBLES OF SCIENCE."

The hearing of the action for libel and slander brought against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Vivisection Society, by Dr. W. M. Bayliss, M.A., Assistant-Professor of Physiology at the London University College, and the holder of a Home Secretary's licence entitling him to perform experiments on living animals which had previously been anaesthetised, was resumed yesterday before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury.

The court was again crowded, a large number of ladies and medical students being present.

Professor Francis Gotch, of Liverpool, supported previous witnesses, who had stated that, in their opinion, the dog must have been completely anaesthetised. The Professor had himself operated upon the late Colonel North's dog, Fullerton, thrice winner of the Waterloo Cup, using exactly the same methods of producing anaesthesia as those employed by Professor Bayliss.

Mr. Lawson Walton, opening for the defendant, said that Mr. Coleridge, the name of a family that included the author of "The Ancient Mariner" among its members, and was nothing if not humanitarian. After the evidence that he proposed to call, said Mr. Walton, he would ask the jury to agree with him that the dog was not completely anaesthetised, and that Mr. Coleridge's criticism did not exceed the bounds of fair comment on a matter of public interest.

### Lady Witnesses for the Defence.

Mr. Walton's witnesses were two Swedish ladies of excellent family, both of whom were strongly opposed to vivisection. They had collaborated in a book on this subject entitled "The Shambles of Science," and dealing fully with the case under discussion.

In order to acquire knowledge that would further the cause of anti-vivisection, Miss Emily Lind, of Hayehy, and Miss Schartau, the two ladies in question, had attended Dr. Bayliss's lectures and witnessed the "purposeful" struggles of this particular dog, which they believed to have been operated on without the previous administration of an anaesthetic. They had gone to Mr. Coleridge with a statement of the case, and they were prepared to reaffirm that, to the best of their knowledge, the dog had struggled pitifully on the operating board, and that no satisfactory evidence that an anaesthetic had been administered was apparent in the operating theatre.

The hearing was again adjourned.

## SUPERSTITIOUS BRIDES.

Green Stockings Are Not the Only Charms for Luck.

One of the bridesmaids at to-day's wedding of Miss Harvey and Sir Patrick Playfair (as mentioned in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday) is to wear green silk stockings "for luck," as a concession to old time superstition.

"Brides are just as superstitious as ever they were," said the clerk of one of London's fashionable churches of the day. "There may be so many superstitions as there used to be, but what few are left are as much considered as ever."

"They will not change the day, for instance, if they can help it. They will do anything rather than postpone the ceremony."

"Then they will not marry on a Friday. That is supposed to be very unlucky. So is the 13th of the month."

"I remember one lady of title who arranged to be married on a Friday, which was the 10th of the month. Then someone told her how awful the consequences would be, so she said: 'Well, have it arranged for the Monday after.' It was the 13th, so they made her change the day or not I don't know, but she figured in a divorce case not many years after."

## THE L.C.C. AS LANDLORD.

Probably the most successful landlord in London is the London County Council, which only lost £103 last year as irrecoverable rent.

During the past year the Council opened seventeen new blocks of dwellings and twenty-four cottages, sufficient to accommodate 4,368 persons. The gross rent-roll of the Council is £81,087, an increase for the year of £18,307.

An interesting tabulated statement shows the people who live in the houses:—

Askers	3	Motor drivers	8
Bakers	24	Musicians	21
Bookbinders	24	Office cleaners	43
Boatmen	1	Packers	50
Bookstellers	52	Painters	48
Butchers	92	Pensioners	23
Chemists	112	Police-men	267
Clerks	4	Porters	77
Congregationalists	164	Postmen	41
Cornmercers	38	Post Office porters	12
Dancers	1	Printers	71
Engineers	1	Railwaymen	24
Lawyers	230	Salesmen	45
Librarians	4	Tailors	116
Mariners	4	Teachers	16
Master of porters	21	Travellers	33
	35	Waiters	71

The average of persons per room is given as 1.45.

The Prince of Wales, President of Guy's Hospital, has sent thirty pheasants for the use of the patients of that institution.

# £3,000,000 PROFIT IN DIAMONDS.

The World Asking for More Precious Stones.

The Kimberley diamond industry, interrupted by the war, is again flourishing. At the annual meeting of the De Beers Company at Kimberley yesterday a profit was shown, after writing off over £730,000 for depreciation, of no less than £2,302,000. Diamonds had been produced during the year to the enormous value of £5,241,172.

The chairman, Sir Lewis Michell, stated that a claim for £54,641 had been made by the company against the Imperial Government on account of losses sustained in the war, and the War Office had tendered £30,000 in full settlement, which the company accepted, although the actual loss amounted to £272,904, in addition to the fact that no dividend was paid in 1900.

The world's demand for diamonds, said the chairman, had been well maintained, and, in order to meet it, the company was opening up the Dutoitspan mine. A special grant of £10,000 for higher education in the colony was voted.

## WOMAN'S SAD STORY.

Describes Herself as a Dean's Daughter, Destitute and Despairing.

Disinclination to attend inquests on the part of a Strand chemist, to whom Miss Gipsy Grime applied for arsenic, led to that lady presenting herself at Bow-street Police Court and begging to be locked up.

She is a tall, dark, good-looking woman, of about thirty, with a slight Irish accent. She was well dressed, and had a very cultivated appearance, so that her request caused a good deal of surprise. The following letter from her to the police was read before Mr. Marsham in court:—

"I am a grand-daughter of the late Dr. Grime, D.D., Dean of Limerick, and my father was an M.A. of Oxford. I am an hotel and restaurant bar manageress. I am all alone; all my people are resting in the churchyard. I suffer from chronic catarrh, and have lately returned from a convalescent home, and almost destitute. I have not the means to buy my medicine. . . . No home since I was a girl; no food, no means to advertise or even to buy stamps; so how is a respectable woman to help herself? I have no money to pay rent, and have sold nearly all my clothes. I cannot stand such a dreadful life any longer. I have the highest testimonials, and have often started to keep myself respectable, although I have had a life of great temptation. It is very hard to come to this, to say nothing of the insults I get because I have no means."

When she was charged with attempting suicide she said she had been to two chemists' shops to buy poison, and when she was refused tried to throw herself in front of an omnibus, but her conscience prevented her.

Lately she has been at a convalescent home in Brighton, but now will have a week at Holloway while inquiries as to her story are made.

## LUCKY WINDSOR ORGAN GRINDERS.

The Italian ice-cream vendors and organ-grinders of Windsor regard their Sovereign's visit with lively satisfaction. In honour of the event the Mayor of Windsor last night invited a hundred of them—the whole colony, indeed to a dinner in the Guildhall.

The spectacle was unique. Swarthy men and women, some with children in their arms, attacked vigorously a meal composed entirely of Italian dishes, cooked by an Italian chef from London. The Kings and Queens of England, in their gold frames on the walls of the Guildhall, assuredly never looked down on a more queer gathering.

There was music and dancing, and the health of the King and Queen of Italy, proposed by the mayor, was uproariously received. The Italians declared that they never remember this red-letter day in their lives, and that their affection for England has never been so strong.

A telegram of "loyal and heartfelt greetings" was addressed to the Italian King and Queen at the Castle.

# WOMEN WHO LEND MONEY.

Half-a-Dozen Have Obtained Licences Under the Act.

Women are registering themselves—slowly, it is true, but openly and effectively—as money lenders under the recent Act. And Judge Emden declared yesterday, at Lambeth County Court, that since the Act came into operation money lending has "enormously increased." His Honour, however, was referring to working people who were preying upon their fellows. The women who have become legalised money lenders are of quite a different kind. Half-a-dozen of them have recorded their names and professions at Somerset House. The latest who registered was a stylishly-dressed person whose grand feminine air sent an unwelcome thrill around the prosaic apartment where she deposited the legal fee, one guinea, and obtained a licence entitling her to lend money for three years.

Outside the ranks of the registered are hundreds of unlicensed feminine money lenders, and their ranks are recruited from the highest and humblest. Even the innocent milliner and the obsequious tailor are said to be the cause of much family trouble by their habit of lending to young ladies or the "younger sons," and when the bills arrive items such as new hats and new suits are made to cover a multitude of loans and interest.

## CULINARY SENSATION.

Roast Cygnet Served with the "Swan Song" at Prince's.

Roast cygnet is the latest luxury, and the fact that each bird costs two guineas will probably rather increase than detract from its popularity among the fashionable. This new culinary sensation, according to the "World," appeared at a dinner given by one of the directors of Prince's Restaurant, under the title of "le jeune cygne de Norwich à la broche." The bird, probably the first ever served in a London restaurant, was given musical honours, its entrance being hailed by the band playing the "Swan Song" from "Lohengrin."

The chef at Prince's Restaurant yesterday furnished a *Daily Mirror* representative with the receipt he used for cooking the cygnet. It is in verse, and runs as follows, with the imperative direction that the swan must not be skinned:—

Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar; Put it into the Swan—that is, when you have caught her. Some people call it some nutmeg, an onion. Will lighten the flavour in Gourmand's opinion. Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape. That the strings may not get escape. And some whited brown paper should cover the rest. Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down. Put the point of the bird that the breast may get brown.

For the gravy, the receipt, also in poetry, as befits a culinary work of art, consists of the addition of half a pint of port wine to a good strong beef gravy. This is then poured through the swan, and the whole served up with hot currant jelly.

## A "NURSERY" IN HYDE PARK.

Londoners are familiar with Kensington Gardens as an outdoor nursery for the babies of the Kensington district. Hyde Park, it seems, is to become a nursery of another kind. The matter needs explanation.

A few days ago a letter of protest in the "Times" called attention to the railing off of three acres near the Serpentine, from which apparently the public were to be excluded, by some unknown authority. Was this a clandestine encroachment on public pleasures without the knowledge, or may be with the assent, of the First Commissioner of Works?

A simple solution of the mystery has come to light. The land is urgently required for the purposes of training, forcing, and generally caring for those thousands of plants, which are the delight of so many, in the summer flowerbeds of Hyde Park.

That the view across the Park is by this enclosure and its surrounding embankment somewhat obstructed is doubtless true, but when the work of enclosure has been completed there will spring up on the new embankment a wealth of foliage which will, in itself, be an additional attraction.

# SHORT HOME TELEGRAMS.

## NEW DIPLOMAS AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is proposed to establish at Cambridge University an examination in tropical medicine and hygiene. Any person on the medical register will be admissible as a candidate, and those successful will be entitled to a diploma.

## FAMOUS HUNTSMAN RECALLED.

The death has just occurred in Cumberland of Mrs. Henry Richardson, the last surviving daughter of the late John Peel, the famous huntsman immortalised in the well-known hunting song, "D'ye ken John Peel?" Mrs. Richardson was eighty-eight years of age.

## HERRINGS AND MATRIMONY.

Scottish fisher lassies combine prudence with sentiment. The fact that the herring fishery off Yarmouth proved unremunerative is found to have had the effect of reducing weddings, only two of the fisher girls have arranged to marry, while at this time last year there were thirty-seven engagements.

## THE METEORIC SHOWERS.

From observers in various parts of the country come reports that the "showers" of Leonids, due about this time, have already made their appearance. They were most numerous in the early hours of Monday morning, but almost any time just now, when the sky is clear at night, a few may be counted.

## THE WAR ON CORSETS.

The anti-corset crusade started in Birmingham has spread to Leeds, where the movement is initiated by a local society of physical culture. The corset is condemned as making the body at the waist line "shapeless, flaccid, and nerveless," as destroying the beauty of the figure and lessening the vital power.

## BALM FOR THE BEREAVED.

One of the victims of the railway viaduct collapse in Gloucestershire last week left nine children. At the inquest yesterday the coroner announced that the contractors intended to compensate the widow and all others who had suffered by the fatality. In view of the importance of the issues involved an adjournment was indispensable.

## SERIOUS CARRIAGE ACCIDENT.

While returning in his carriage from the meet of the United Hunt Club Foxhounds, whose headquarters are at Middleton, Co. Cork, Mr. John Murphy, chairman and managing director of the Cork Distillers Company, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured. He was carried home to Anmunt, near Middleton, and was attended by two Cork doctors. His daughter who was with him escaped unhurt.

## THE MODERN FORESTERS.

It is hard to realise that even at this season of the year there are some homeless people who habitually make their "beds" at night among the undergrowth of Epping Forest. A branch of the Society of Friends, which has a meeting house in the district, has decided to do something for these wretched successors of Robin Hood's merry men, and a barrow will be sent out every night after midnight laden with bread and butter and hot coffee for these outcasts.

## MAN MISSING FROM BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Frank Stow, who for two years has acted successfully as chief assistant in the bacteriological laboratory at Birmingham University, has disappeared completely, and all efforts made to trace him by the police, by his relatives, and by the University officials, have so far proved fruitless. He was about 25 years of age, quiet, studious, and reserved, and was a student of much promise. He had been out to South Africa as one of the medical mission to study enteric. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since November 5.

## A BEAUTY SHOW.

A beauty show for both sexes opens at Leeds to-morrow. The Yorkshire city has been selected as the centre for the "semi-finals" for all England, and there will be about fifteen competitors, including half-a-dozen ladies representing various districts in England. There are prizes of £200 each for men and women, and the winners will go to New York to engage in another competition open to the rest of the world. Each lady has to state whether she uses stimulants, is a vegetarian, or wears corsets.

## LEICESTER RACES.

W. Lane, who had failed to add to his winning score since Wednesday last, was to the fore in the first two events on the card at Leicester yesterday. O. Madden did not pass the afternoon without a win, as he got home on Series. The positions of the two leading jockeys now are: Madden, 145; Lane, 143. Results of yesterday's racing:—

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Humberstone (6).	Albany.	Lane.	5 to 2
Appleby N.Y. (10)	Look Out.	Lane.	100 to 1
Harborough (16).	Dumps.	Trigg.	8 to 1
Leicestershire (9)	Castro.	Jarvis.	7 to 1
Clock Tower (6).	Madden.	Madden.	5 to 2
Regulation Pt. (3)	Aristo.	Leader.	2 to 9

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners.) The fashionable Derby Meeting commences to-day, when the following horses may be to the fore: Melton Plate—Mountain Rose or Scullion; Drakelow Plate—Riverside II. or Chestnut Quire; Doveridge Stakes—Uncle Reggie; Chesterfield Nursery—Western Stakes.

The Derby Cup, which is run for to-morrow, again attracted a fair share of speculation yesterday, when Farman was well supported at 700 to 100 (taken and wanted), whilst at 5 to 1 and 15 to 2 General Crangle was quiet but firm. Alencor, bad luck, and Robert Le Diabie was fancied from 100 to 50 to 10 to 1 (taken). The penalised Littleton, who will be ridden by Madden, was supported at 100 to 5.

# To-Day's Arrangements.

## Movements of the Court.

The King of Italy shoots in Windsor Forest. State banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor. Princess Henry of Battenberg opens a bazaar in aid of the Glasgow Samaritan Hospital.

## To-day's Weddings.

Sir Patrick Playfair, C.I.E., and Miss Frances Sophia Harvey, eldest daughter of Mr. John Harvey, D.L. and J.P. County Banff, N.B., at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, at 2.30. Captain W. E. Young, J.B. D.C.O. Lancers, Camperdown, and of 37, Emperor's-gate, South Kensington, and Miss Edith Gladstone, at All Hallows' Church, Allerton, Liverpool, at 2.30. Captain A. G. T. Cousins, R.E., and Miss Maud Elizabeth Cunningham, fourth daughter of the late Mr. James Elliot Cunningham and Mrs. Cunningham, of Hove, at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, at 2.30.

## General.

Women's Institute, 92, Victoria-street, S.W.—Addresses by Mrs. Laura Belcher Aldred and Mrs. Marion Matthews, on (a) "Health in Relation to Clothing," (b) "Art in Dress," at 4.

## Racing.

Derby Autumn Meeting (three days).

## Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.  
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 3 and 9.  
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.  
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 2 and 8.  
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.  
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.  
Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 2.15 and 8.  
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 2.30 and 9.  
His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.  
Imperial, "Monsieur Beacaire," 8.30.  
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzie," 2 and 8.  
New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55.  
"Prince of Wales's," "The School Girl," 2 and 8.  
Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15.  
Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.  
Royalty, "Die Zwillingsschwester," 8.15.  
Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 2.15 and 8.15.  
St. James's, "The Cardinal," 2.30 and 8.30.  
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 2.15 and 8.  
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 2.30 and 8.15.  
Vaudeville, "Quality Street," 2.30 and 8.30.  
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 3 and 9.

\* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.





[The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in this article, which is published with a view to raising a discussion on a much-vexed question.]

THERE is no doubt that a great deal of wear and tear and worry would be spared if people would agree that the teaching in the public elementary schools of the country should be secular, leaving the teaching of religion to the parents and Churches. "But," say the opponents of this view, "you will deprive half the children of any moral influence. Crime will increase, the country will go to the dogs."

I doubt very much whether this would be the result; morality and clean living, kindness, and love of others can be very well taught without the medium of the creeds and dogmas of any particular Church. It is very certain that the tendency of present-day politics is in the direction of secular education only in the schools of the people.

#### A Famous Clause.

The famous Cowper-Temple clause of the Act of 1870 lays it down that, "No religious catechism or religious formula which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught in the school"—Section 14 (2). The great majority of the parents of the children are satisfied with the simple Bible teaching which is given in most schools, but there has always been a discontented minority, mostly, it must be confessed, consisting of the Anglican clergy, who want some definite religion taught, and by this they mean the tenets of their own particular Church. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the wickedness of France and America, where the education is secular, the religious instruction being left to the Churches. No one has ever been able to prove these vague accusations.

The Act of last year placed all schools upon the rates, and it is a pity that at the same time it did not forbid altogether any religious instruction—that is theology—in the day schools. Some people profess to find a solution of the difficulty in the suggestions in the new Code. Under this children may absent themselves from the hour of religious instruction in the school (it is not quite an hour) at the beginning of the day in order to attend and receive it elsewhere. Who is to insist on their attending at church, chapel, or clergyman's house? Tommy will be sent out to earn a few more pence by running errands before school, and Mary will be kept at home to mind the baby.

#### No Religion Compulsory.

Many people seem to think that because the Cowper-Temple clause says, "No religious catechism," etc., that, therefore, religious instruction of some kind must be given according to the law of the land. This is not the case. No religious instruction of any kind is compulsory, and any school board—or, as they now are, education authorities—may by a vote of its members decide that in the schools under their charge the Bible may be read with or without explanation or that it may not be read at all, and herein lies the crux of the whole matter. Every section of religious thought wants to get into the schools—to "create an atmosphere," as I think, Lord Hugh Cecil has it.

The Free Churches were satisfied with the syllabus drawn up by most of the school boards, which included the fundamental truths presumably believed by all Christians. But this is not enough for the Anglican Church.

#### The Parents' View.

Most parents, who after all are the people to be considered, do not, I am convinced, care whether any or what religious instruction is given. The average parent of a Board school child only knows the difference between "Catholic" (meaning Roman Catholic) and "Protestant." A few parents—egged on by the clergyman or the Free Church minister—create disturbances and unpleasantness, and object to this, that, or the other doctrine taught in some particular school, but they rarely avail themselves of their power to withdraw their children from such instruction. Most are quite content with the simple Bible teaching, but they are not anxious to have one corner of the school room occupied by the curate and his class of little Anglicans, another by the Baptist, another by the Unitarian, and a fourth by a Congregational minister.

#### A Question for Parents.

To those who clamour for the parent's right to have his child taught what he himself believes, I would put the question, Would it be possible to persuade those parents to pay even twopenny per week to have these truths (about which they are said by those who do not know

## Should Children's Education be Religious?

By CONSTANCE WILLIAMS.

them to be so anxious) taught by someone appointed for the purpose by the clergyman or Free Church minister? I doubt it.

#### The Logical Solution.

Candidates for borough and county councils are being gradually pushed to the only logical solution of this difficulty. Many of them are dismayed at the thought of religious strife being mixed up at election times with discussions of drains, open spaces, and street lighting. "A plague on all your houses!" they will say. "Rather than have these endless wrangles, we will forbid religious instruction of any kind in the schools under our charge." (In the provided or ex-voluntary schools, though they are now supported by the rates, the religious instruction, if given, must be in accordance with the trust deeds.) "Let the Churches provide outside the schools for the teaching of any dogmas they think fit. We will concern ourselves only with bringing up good, sober, honest citizens."

## THE PAPERS.

#### WEATHER AND CRIME.

The effect of temperature on crime is a fact mathematically demonstrable, and has been honoured by mention in that least fanciful of literary productions, a Home Office Blue-book on criminal statistics. As the temperature increases so does crime. Frost is the most practical of moralists.—"Outlook."

#### PENALTY OF POPULARITY.

The penalty of the popular novelist is that, whether he has anything to say or not, he must produce, at more or less regular intervals, some sort of volume on pain of being instantly consigned to oblivion by a fickle public. If he be a man of temperament this irksome necessity will kill any kind of inspiration.—"Saturday Review."

#### EPICURES AMONG WOMEN.

Woman is growing epicurean in her tastes, and wants something much more substantial than tea and mulling as a refection for the friends she so proudly invites to her club. She has been gastronomically trained by a long course of restaurant dinners. She shows a tendency towards greed, and is becoming a severe critic of her club menus.—"World."

#### TO SELL TO THEIR FRIENDS.

A few weeks ago it was glibly stated in print that "Society" women are in the habit of making vast sums of money by selling motor-cars to their friends. The consequence of this statement has been that agents in a large way of business have lately been besieged by droves of impecunious ladies, all anxious to draw large commissions by selling similar vehicles to their friends.—"Court Journal."

#### MONOTONOUS FACES.

It is to be feared the almost insane dread of looking old which possesses women nowadays is having a positively deteriorating effect on facial character. Everybody, seemingly, is about thirty years of age; everybody is smooth skinned, of practically the same *tints*, and much the same figure. The mother is scarcely distinguishable from the daughter "in the dusk, with the light behind her."—"World."

#### VISITING IN THE COUNTRY.

The unfortunate person who takes a house in the country in order to be quiet has no defence. Anyone who pleases may drive up to the door, and demand not only to be treated to civility and tea, but to have their call returned. Only people who take a large and well-known house in a populous neighbourhood know what a task this social law imposes on them.—"County Gentleman."

#### DON'T TAKE HER BY SURPRISE.

Does anyone seriously believe there is a woman in all London who, wishing to see a play, would forego the pleasure because of the necessity for wearing her head and its appurtenances after the same fashion as she wore it at lunch before starting for the theatre? Such a woman is visionary as Mrs. Harris. Give the enemy due notice. Do not take her by surprise, asking her to take off a hat that has been fixed up for the afternoon without thought of removal, which is sometimes inconsiderate, but give her notice, so that she may come prepared. Then all will be well.—"Pilot."

#### BRAIN FAG.

(Several correspondents seem to think that the "Bridge" whist craze has something to do with the disease of brain fag.—Daily paper.) Oh, it's fag, fag, fag! Combined with the bluest of humps; Oh, I can't understand, With twelve hearts in my hand, What induced me to make it "no trumps." Fag, fag, fag, With no ease for a brain that's oppressed, Till Bridge as a passion Has gone out of fashion, Or I shall have gone to my rest! —"Evening News."

## A DRAMATIC PLOT.

BEATRICE HARRADEN AND "KATHERINE FRENSHAM."

AMONG popular novelists of the day few have so interesting and original a personality as has the writer of one of the most famous of late nineteenth century stories, "Ships that Pass in the Night," the only book which was found in Cecil Rhodes's bedroom after his death, and which he was never tired of reading over and over again. Ten years have gone by since "Ships that Pass in the Night" was written, and Beatrice Harraden had already had something of a struggle for fame before this remarkable story had been refused by one great publisher and accepted by another. But she has remained, from the outward point of view, almost exactly as she was in the far off days when Mrs. Lynn-Linton, most generous of Victorian women writers and critics, used to call her "My little B.A.," joking reference to her academical distinctions.

#### A Unique Personality.

Beatrice Harraden is a small, sprite-like little woman, with a dark, bright, eager face, which reflects every passing mood, and is easily moved to tears or laughter, as the case may be. She always looks as if she had just stepped right out of fairyland, and perhaps this accounts for the high imaginative quality of her work, which is very apparent, even in her latest novel, "Katherine Frensham," in some ways by far the longest and most ambitious story she has yet published.

#### An Original Plot.

Although Miss Harraden does not pride herself on her plots, she worked out a very original idea in "Katherine Frensham," in which book she describes a case the analysis of which has often been a matter of concern to our greatest imaginative novelists. The story opens with the description of a dual dream, in which a husband and wife, bitterly estranged the one from the other, each when asleep takes part in an imaginary conversation, in which the man, breaking through his long reserve, tells the wife plainly that she has spoilt his life, ruined his career—in a word, spiritually murdered him.

Within a few hours of this awful and strange experience, and, alas! after they had compared notes, and once more stabbed each other with words, the life is found dead. The husband, Clifford Thornton, is left to endure wild, unreasoning remorse, intensified when

he glances over the dead woman's journal, and finds the words, written on the last page, "Had another temper to-night. As usual, bitterly, bitterly sorry. If only I could tell him; but I can't, and I won't."

#### A Prisoner of Silence.

After this dramatic beginning the story becomes one in which quiet observation, subtle analysis of feeling, and delightful studies of character play the principal parts. Thornton, true "prisoner of silence," weighed down with remorse which he feels he must hide, if only for his child's sake, from his nearest and oldest friends, including his old Danish governess, "Knatty" (who is, in her way, as admirable a creation as was the Disagreeable Man, in "Ships that Pass in the Night"), has at last the good fortune to meet the well-balanced, tender-hearted heroine who gives her name to the book.

Katherine first becomes interested in the man who is to be her lover by hearing him described, with pitiless lack of charity, by Mrs. Stanhope, a woman who has been his wife's intimate friend, and who considers him entirely to blame for the unhappiness of his married life. Katherine's heart takes the side of the absent, and thus when circumstances throw her into his intimate company amid such unconventional surroundings as that of a Norwegian farmhouse, they soon become drawn to one another.

#### A Long Duel.

Then begins a long duel between Katherine Frensham and her morbid, unhappy lover. The situation is complicated by Mrs. Stanhope, one of those "candid friends" who go about doing so much mischief, and whose thoughtless, unconsidered words at one moment actually cause Thornton's young son to believe that his father in very truth murdered his mother! But Katherine, straightforward, loyal, and great hearted, conquers in the end, and the letter in which she finally tells him that she loves him, that she is waiting for him, and that she cares for him even better than she did before she knew the whole miserable history of his life, is like a window into a beautiful soul, and might well reconcile even a hardened reviewer to the theory that the woman should always be the one to make an offer of marriage to the man!

## THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

LEONORA (a modern novel). By Arnold Bennett. Chatto. THE RESENTLESS CREW (a story of American society). By E. F. Benson. Heinemann. THE STOLEN EMPEROR (a Japanese historical novel). By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. John Long. DR. JOHN BROWN (a charming biography). By J. T. Brown. A. and C. Black.



## The Galleries and Ateliers.

### The Allied Arts of Painting and Enamelling.

coloured enamel is used in the shape of a powder, which only receives firmness through a melting process. This powder must naturally rest on some sort of ground; but the cup is made of enamel, and nothing but enamel, without any kind of ground, yet its shape is perfect, and shows no irregularity whatever.

#### Enamel on Sevres Paste.

Monsieur Thesmar is also the only artist who has succeeded in applying rich enamel to vases of soft Sevres paste. The heat required for the melting of the enamel powder has hitherto proved too great for Sevres vases to resist. But somehow M. Thesmar has overcome the difficulty, and the result is of bewitching beauty.

#### English and French Enamellers.

Our own enamellers—and their number is legion, since the fascinating art has been taken up by the fair sex—have much to learn. Most of the ornaments shown at our applied art exhibitions have a roughness and unfinished, primitive look, and a crudeness of colour, especially in the blues and greens, which are entirely absent in the best French work. Of course, there are some notable exceptions, like Mr. Alexander Fisher, who has now opened a school for enamelling, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson, who have recently joined hands with Mr. Montague Fordham, and are showing some beautiful examples of their work at 9, Maddox-street, W. But even they cannot pass through the ordeal of comparison with M. Lalique and M. Thesmar.

#### Boy Artists.

The talented young artists, Messrs. Maurice and Edward Detmold, who, at an age when most boys are only just receiving the elementary teaching in the principles of art, had already established a great reputation for their sheer excellence of their drawings of animals in repose and in action, could not have made a happier choice for a series of pictures than by deciding to illustrate Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book."

In their early work they were distinctly influenced by the modern Japanese designers, and many of their drawings could vie with Watanabe's in exact observation and exquisite finish. The "Jungle Book" illustrations are less decorative and more pictorial. The strength of the composition and the depth of colour are truly magnificent, and without being too "literary"—the fault of so many illustrations—the drawings are full of the spirit of Kipling's great fable. The originals are on view at the Dutch Gallery in Brook-street.

#### The Impossible Achieved.

But the object which best displays the artist's unique skill is a cup (appliqué a jour enamel and gold), with flowers on a violet ground. The curious point about it is that there is no basis for the enamel; the infinitely thin gold wires used can hardly be described as a base. The enormous difficulty will be obvious to everybody who knows that the



# A WET DAY IN TOWN.

## THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S HOUSE PARTY.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.

Wet weather has come again, and to-day has been altogether disagreeable, with the additional discomfort of a very cold wind. The number of people in town, however, keeps things alive, and in a quiet way there is a good deal going on in the shape of lunches and dinners. Consuelo Duchess of Manchester is giving a series of small dinners followed by Bridge, and Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, who are settled at Stratford House for the winter, have also been entertaining in this way.

### In the West End.

Lord and Lady Newborough were in Piccadilly, the latter looking very charming, and Lady Hesketh, who is staying in the Berkeley. Baron Eckhardstein was driving, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grosvenor were about together, and Lady Erne was driving in a closed brougham. In Piccadilly, Lord Rothschild's house is looking very gay, almost covered with flags and bunting in honour of the King and Queen of Italy's visit to town on Thursday.

A number of people were driving in the direction of Bayswater, where Lady Willshire opened a bazaar at the Queen's road Baths. This bazaar, which to-morrow will be opened by Julia Lady Tweeddale, is in aid of the Church of England Waifs and Strays, in which so many people take a great interest.

### At Grosvenor House.

The amateur concert at Grosvenor House this afternoon, also in aid of the Church of England Society for providing homes for Waifs and Strays, was a great success. The beautiful ballroom of the house, hung with priceless Rubens, was quite filled, among the audience being Lady Galloway (who also appeared in the very good programme), wearing pale grey; Lady Rothschild, Lady Peyton, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, in black, with Lady Somers and Mrs. Hoffmann-Goldschmidt, in fawn. Mrs. Martineau had on a green hat, with white furs, and Mrs. Whittaker was dressed in black velvet.

### Royal House Parties.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are to be the guests of Lord and Lady Wolverton at Iwerne Minster House, their seat in Dorsetshire, on December 7. A large house party has been invited to meet them.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire are entertaining a house-party at Chatsworth, including the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Lord and Lady Gosford, Mr. P. Acheson and the Ladies Acheson, Lord and Lady Lurgan, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, Lady Howe, Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Stanley and Lady Alice Stanley, Lord Elcho, Lord and Lady Crewe, Lady Alwyne Compton, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, Sir Edgar Vincent, Charles Montagu, Sir Charles Hartopp, Mrs. Leo Rothschild, Lord Herbert Vane Tempest, Mr. G. Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel.

### About Houses.

Mrs. Burrows, of Stradone, has just taken a house in Lowndes-square, where she intends to do some entertaining during the winter. Mr. and Lady Maud Ramsden have let their house in Grosvenor-street for the winter, and are going to stay with the former's father in the country.

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The King of Italy will shoot to-day over the Windsor coverts in the Great Park, with King Edward, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian, and this evening the State Banquet will be given in St. George's Hall, after which a Diplomatic and Official Reception will be held in the State Drawing-room of the Castle.

Sir Peter and Lady Walker have a house-party this week at Osmaston Manor, for the Aylesford, which includes Lord and Lady Austen, Major Eustace Loder, and Captain Sandeman.

A bazaar is to be held on Thursday and Friday of next week at the Wharfedale Rooms in aid of the home and hospital for

ophthalmic children of all denominations. Amongst those who are to be stall-holders at this bazaar are Lady Howard of Glossop, Constance Lady De La Warr, Lady Clifford of Chudleigh, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Edmund Talbot.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Amherst of Hackney, Lady Goschen, Lord Berkeley Paget, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Cadogan, and General Baden-Powell were amongst those who attended the memorial service for the late Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck yesterday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Lady Barrington, who died at her residence in Harrington-gardens late on Monday night, was a daughter of the late Rev. Richard Bogue, and married Lord Barrington in 1870. Lady Barrington leaves four sons and three daughters.

The funeral takes place at Shrivensham to-morrow at half-past two, and a memorial

## FROM THE SHIRES.

### EXTRACTS FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

Melton Mowbray, Tuesday. A sharp frost, combined with a slight snow-storm yesterday, gave a nip of keenness to the air to-day which should have foretold a good scenting day, but as usual with prognostications this was not the case. The Quorn hounds, after waiting some few minutes at the meet, Six Hills, to allow for the arrival of late-comers, trotted off to Walton Thorns, which was alive with foxes. Two escaped whilst the doghounds, making the country-side re-echo with their splendid music, were hunting a timid fox in covert. Eventually they drove him out a few fields, but he was not a brave specimen, and quickly retraced his steps. After some delay, this cub or another took a rather wider circuit towards the Hoby Vale, and was lost in Ragdale Wood. There was absolutely no scent at all, and though hounds got away on excellent terms

## YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

### MILITARY CEREMONY AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE.

BARTLELOT-ANGOVE.—On the 17th inst., at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, by the Rev. William Jovitt, and the Rev. Henry Palmer, Sir Walter Barttelot, Coldstream Guards, of Stopham House, Putborough, Sussex, to Miss Gladys St. Aubyn Angove, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Collier Angove, of 83, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington.

Miss Angove, who was given away by her father, is a very pretty, tall, fair girl, and Sir Walter Barttelot, who is the third baronet, served during the South African war from 1900 to 1901 as A.D.C. to the General commanding the 10th Brigade.

The church was charmingly decorated with quantities of white flowers and palms; the service was a choral one; and some men of the Coldstream Guards lined the aisle.

There were eight bridesmaids, who looked very pretty in their white muslin "Romney" frocks, with deep blue satin waistbelts, and big blue chiffon hats trimmed with La France roses. Each carried a bouquet of roses and lilies, and wore a platinum chain with a diamond and pearl pendant. The bridesmaids were Miss E. Angove, Miss Irene Barttelot, Miss Margaret Irby, Miss Moore Brabazon, Miss Genevra Beauchamp, Miss Davenport, and Miss Edith and Miss Margaret Sandham.

### The Bride.

The bride's train was carried by Master Patrick Ellison, dressed in pale blue cloth, and she herself wore a dainty white net dress over white satin, covered with Mechlin lace, and a Brussels lace veil over a wreath of orange blossoms. She also wore a pearl necklace, and emerald and diamond bracelet, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The church was very full, and so was the house in Onslow-gardens, where Mrs. Angove received the guests. She wore purple cloth with grey furs, and carried a bouquet of violets and lilies.

Among the guests were the Countess de Torre Diaz, in black; Lady Duke, in black, with a fur coat; Lady Cooper-Key, who wore purple, and brought her daughter dressed in rose-colour, with a black hat; Mrs. Ellison, wearing claret colour, with a white hat and sable furs; Mrs. Alexander Goschen, in purple; Mrs. Codrington, in black, with touches of pink; and the Duke of Norfolk, as well as several of the bridegroom's brother officers.

### Wedding Gifts.

The wedding presents, which were very numerous, included, from the bridegroom, a diamond tiara, a pearl necklace, a turquoise and diamond pendant, a diamond and enamel Brigade brooch, and a sable stole and muff.

From Mrs. Angove, household linen, and from Mr. Angove, an emerald and diamond ring.

The Duke of Norfolk gave a pair of Georgian silver cups, Lady Leonfield a writing case, Lord and Lady Brassey a crocodile and ivory Bridge case, and the officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards a silver salver.

The bridegroom's tenants gave a silver kettle, and the children and teachers of Stopham School, silver salt cellars. The honeymoon is to be spent on the Continent.

Captain H. R. Cholmondeley, D.S.O., cousin of Lord Delamere, was married very quietly yesterday afternoon to Miss Mercy Ormrod, daughter of the late Mr. James Cross Ormrod, at St. Anne's, Soho, only the immediate relations and friends of both bride and bridegroom being present.

## WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Overcast, cool; maximum, 58; minimum, 45.

Cairo.—Cloudy; forecast, cold; maximum, 70; minimum, 54.

Cannes.—Strong west wind; ten hours' sunshine; maximum, 65.

Naples.—Thunderstorm, followed by spring-like weather; maximum, 64; minimum, 53.

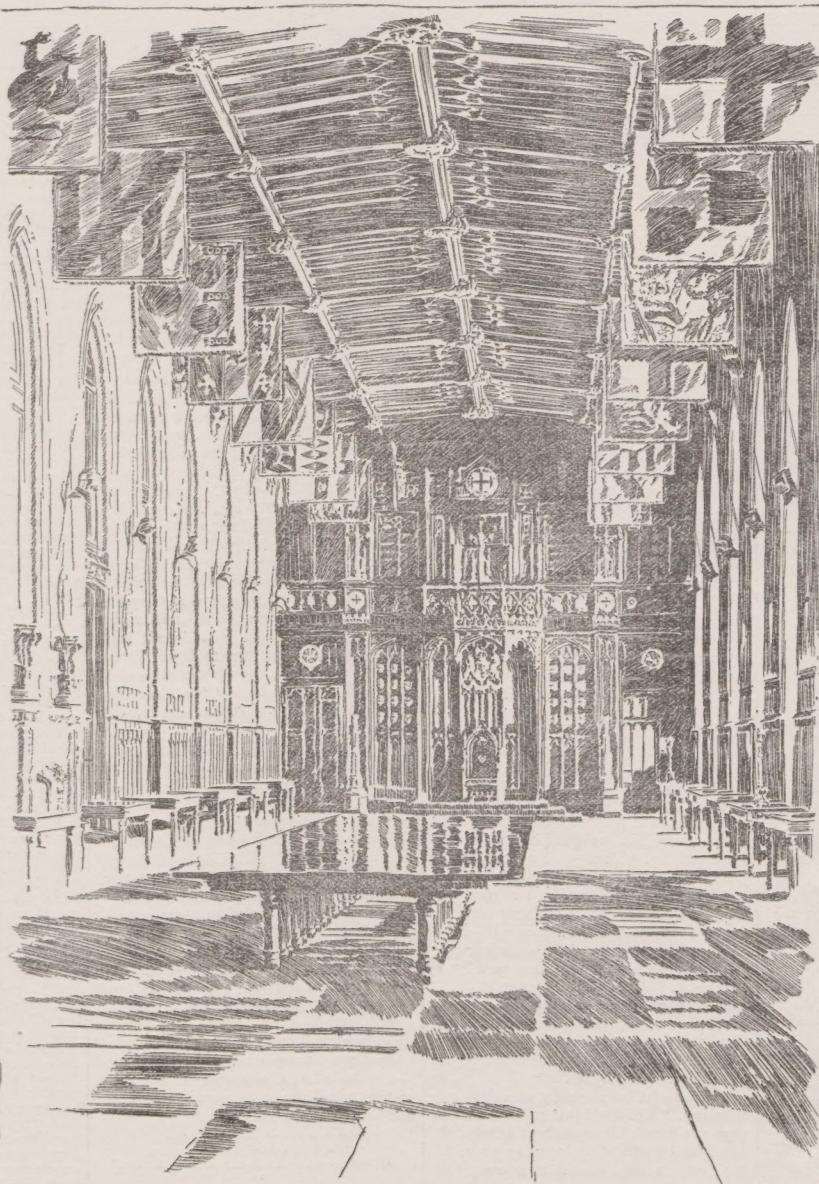
Nice.—Fair; maximum, 58; minimum, 41.

San Remo.—Magnificent day; temperature at noon, 68.

## NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. S. C. Dolley, Army Pay Department, has been appointed District Paymaster in the Cape Colony.

The following Naval appointments are announced:—Commanders: C. H. Hughes Onslow to Fire Queen for Andromeda, November 24; E. E. Lacey to Mutine, in command, December 1; G. F. W. Hope to Pioneer, on recommissioning, undated.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR, where the State Banquet for the King and Queen of Italy will be held to-night.

service will be held at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, at 2.30.

## OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

"Happy hours attend on you."

Many happy returns to:—

Prince Cyril of Bulgaria.

Lady Berners. Lord Galway.

Lady Florence Maude. Lord Northcote.

Lord Galway is a Yorkshireman and a well-known Master of Hounds. Before he succeeded to his title he represented North Nottinghamshire for some years in Parliament. He has one son and a very charming daughter, who is also an heiress and owns a place in Surrey—Busbridge Hall.

Lord Northcote is perhaps better known as Sir Stafford Northcote. On leaving Oxford in 1868 he was appointed a clerk in the Foreign Office. He has been Financial Secretary to the War Office, and was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1900.

Lord Northcote succeeds Lord Tennyson next month as Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia.

with a fresh fox from Thrussington Wolds nothing could be done with him. Later we had a six minutes scurry from Shoby Scolls to Grimston Gorse, which terminated at Wartonby. This concluded the day. Amongst others out were the Duchess of Newcastle and Princess Duple Singh.

Lady Glitters.

## FUNERAL OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

The funeral of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse will take place to-morrow afternoon at Darmstadt.

The Grand Duchess of Hesse, her mother Duchess Marie, and her two sisters, the Crown Princess of Roumania and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg (who left Windsor yesterday), will all attend the ceremony.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, with the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Grand Duke and Duchess Serge of Russia will arrive at Darmstadt in time for the funeral.

Lord Carnarvon is entertaining a shooting party at Highclere Castle, near Newbury, including Prince Victor Duple Singh, Mr. Herbert de la Rue, and Mr. Arthur Portman.









A LUXURIOUS SUGGESTION.

WHITE CLOTH COATS.

SETTING at defiance the abominable possibilities of the British climate, possibilities including, be it remembered, November fogs, many women are wearing a white cloth coat for driving. One cannot cavil at an act so foolhardy from which so fascinating a result ensues. It is as though, despairing of propitious skies, we had determined to make the best of it and pretend like children that it is fine weather; quite the most sensible attitude to adopt. One only has to enter any of the smartest restaurants, and seeing women trailing in delicately tinted cloth gowns, or gorgeous garments of bright hued velvet, to become oblivious of season's vagaries and feel that dress plays a wonderful part in making life not only worth living just now, but veritably pleasant in the extreme.

Dressy Driving Coats.

Contentment certainly reigns supreme on the face of the woman in the white three-quarter coat; since who could look dissatisfied wearing a garment composed of creamy cloth with collar, facings, and turn-back cuffs of grey and white striped squirrel, bordered by a two-inch wide band of emerald velvet? Another lovely production of a Bond-street house in the same material has a triple cape, which, like the coat it adorns, is very narrowly piped with scarlet cloth. The tiniest straps of the same are secured by diminutive gold buttons, and the whole thing is a delicious composition of scarlet and white.

Then there is a dear coat, dear in the sense that it must appeal to the affections of any lover of beauty, likewise carried out in white cloth, and having dainty embroideries on facings and cuffs, with just a soupçon of palest blue amid their intricacies, for such embroideries defy all attempt at definite description.

An Envious Model.

Another model possessed a deep cape edged with a silken fringe and brightened by little groups of gilded buttons at intervals. Worn with this was a plain round beaver sailor, also white, with a handful of chenille balls in champagne shade hanging over one side.

But while the woman who insists on at any rate the similitude of economy remains with us, one must cater for her determination to go one shade darker than cream. A coat of palest fawn cloth is called into requisition; an admirable garment it is, bordered entirely with fawn and gold galon, and faced with the same, invisibly joined to give a piece effect. The result may be described in an alliterative collection of adjectives as simple, smart, and serviceable.

Indispensable Embroideries.

Cuffs and collars of embroidery are the inevitable decoration of all smart coats. The cuffs are generally a big gauntlet in shape, some scalloped at the edge, where they slope out quite full and are caught back here and there on to the sleeve, while the sparse though exquisite needlework on the facings and roll collars give these plain cloth garments an air of affluence.



A quaint four-in-hand silk beaver, with a band of gold galon surrounding the crown and white feathers foaming over the brim at either side of the back.

# Modes and Millinery.



MODEL FOR THE MODISH WOMAN.

Built in white cloth, with revers, great collar and cuffs of grey and white squirrel, laid in narrow hems of leaf green velvet.

STYLE SPELLS SUCCESS.

Let a woman, on one of these fine November mornings, dress herself in a rich silk, as fine as the looms of Lyons or Spitalfields can produce, and she will be badly dressed; let her appear in a homely hand-woven frieze and use the silk for the lining, and she will be "bien mise."

As the artist craftsman of Japan will bend to his use any natural substance which may suit his purpose, irrespective of any value except the value of its beauty, so that occasionally in the finely-wrought sword guards of the eighteenth century we find a bright-coloured shell, a stud of gold or a piece of wood whose grain is fine in colouring; so in these days the artist designers of the great dressmaking salons take for their purpose any colour or material which seems good to them, and by sheer feeling and understanding of the elementary principles of style will produce success out of seemingly incongruous materials.

The finest cambric was worn this summer side by side with coarsely woven linen glass cloth, oatmeal cloth, and workhouse sheeting was cut by the first tailors in London.

It is not the material but the cut which makes for success. Let the woman who wishes to be well dressed pin her faith to line and form rather than to colouring and texture. Better have a smartly-cut black frock than an ill-cut one of the most carefully-matched harmony. It is possible for style to be expressed in hopsack better than brocade.



NOTES FROM BRUSSELS.

ELEGANT AND EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES.

MORE and more attention and thought appear to be given to blouses, for nowadays they are as carefully made as the most highly-wrought costume bodice, and although necessary articles for every woman's wardrobe they are by no means cheap. A lovely one recently seen in the inner sanctum of one of the Montagne de la Cour's most appreciated shops was composed of white chiffon with a square-cut bolero of fine black lace almost entirely covering it; the lace was laced here and there with narrow black chenille and motifs of same were sprinkled about it. The sleeves were very full, with a deep outward droop, and had rather short upper ones of the black lace, while they were caught at the wrist with bands of black velvet fastened with paste buckles, from which long streamers fell. The narrow cuffs were formed of a band of finely-tucked chiffon, with turned back vandykes of the lace fastened down with rather large chenille pastilles. Black velvet ribbon, fastened with minute paste buckles, also decorated the upper part of the blouse, while the band down the front, the tiny yoke, and the collar were all of beige lace.

An Ornamental Motif.

Pastilles are not only appliquéd or embroidered on to everything, but are so popular that they form the favourite designs for materials of every description, whether of silk, wool, or cotton. A very pleasing blouse model seen at Scütze's was of rich silk with an ivory-coloured background and large pastille spots of faint shades of green, pink, mauve and blue. It was trimmed with pointed tabs of emerald green Paquin velvet falling from the neck and starting upwards from the waist, with a space of about four inches in between. The style was very simple as the material was too rich for much ornamentation. It was gathered on the shoulders and partly down the sleeves, and had a band of beige coloured lace down the front, and the cuffs and collar were composed of same, all being headed with a narrow piping of the green velvet.

Evening Wear.

A pretty theatre or dinner blouse was in pale blue silk, with deep yoke of point de Venise, mounted on white chiffon, while the cuffs and collar were made of tiny blue chiffon ruchings, and an accordion-pleated frill of same, also edged with minute ruchings, fell round the yoke. The silk part of the blouse was trimmed with groups of narrow tucks, and made slightly pouched in front.

Theatre muffs this season are to be very much used, and are truly most elaborate affairs. One of the newest was composed of alternate horizontal rows of beige marabout shaded to white, with three rows of deep white chiffon tucks between, very fully gathered; it had two ample chiffon frills at each end, bordered with the marabout, and caught up in front with a large white satin bow.



A charming chapeau in mole-coloured beaver with palest blue feathers. The crown is embroidered in gold and turquoise on mole-coloured suede.



# GREAT BRIDGE CONTEST.

## £100 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. £100

In addition to all Entrance Fees.

**T**ODAY we publish the **THIRD COUPON** in our Bridge Tournament. If you have not already entered, order the back numbers of the *Daily Mirror* for November 14th and 17th, which contain the **FIRST and SECOND COUPONS**. Then send all three of them in, with a postal order for one shilling, carefully following the instructions you will find below.

The coupon here presented is merely a Bridge hand dealt at random. It will present no difficulty to anyone who has learnt the rudiments of the game. You have not to puzzle about the correct declaration, nor about the correct original lead. Both of these are fixed for you.

It does not require an expert to play through the Bridge hand you will find on this page. Any child who has learnt the elements of the game can help in it. All you have to do is to sit down with two friends, go through the deal in the ordinary way, write down how the cards fell, and follow carefully the instructions below.

### THE CASH PRIZES.

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram on this page (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

### ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

This sum and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into one lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided.

### NO LONG WAITING.

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made.

The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

### THE RULES.

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagram printed on this page, sign it at foot with full name and address, add the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the reply, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.
3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament." No communication whatever relating to other matters must under any circumstances be enclosed; not even queries on points of Bridge play, etc., which must invariably be sent under separate cover.
4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt, the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.
5. No person in the employ of, or connected with

the publication of the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solution, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible, each one being written on a sheet of notepaper.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgaters, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

### SOME QUESTIONS AND REPLIES.

**Question.**—I shall be glad to know whether, if an alternative record is sent, it is imperative that it be attached to another coupon, and also whether a P.O. for 1s. must accompany the alternative. Can I enclose two records for each problem, attached to one coupon, after having previously sent a P.O. for 1s.?  
**Answer.**—Any competitor may send in as many complete sets of replies as he or she chooses, provided that each set be numbered separately and accompanied by P.O. for 1s. Every separate set will be considered independently; but no single competitor will be entitled to more than one share of the prize-money.

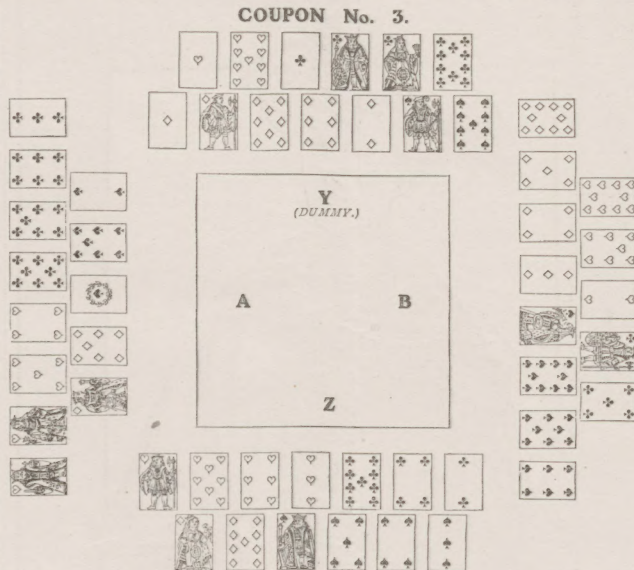
**Question.**—May I suggest that instead of lumping all the money together and awarding it as one prize only it would be more popular to award several prizes, say one good first, one good second, and then several of 45 each. As the competition is mainly to be one for tyros and not for experts, I think it would increase the interest which is certain to be taken in your Tournament if each competitor felt he had the chance of at least a small prize.  
**Answer.**—The questions will be so easy that no one need despair of tying for the first prize, which will not be necessarily won by a "Cavendish" (as you suggest in another part of your letter). In fact, we anticipate that many of our experts will fall by hunting for difficulties which do not exist. In the likely case of several competitors being equal in merit the money will be divided.

**Question.**—Will it not be very difficult to play as if we had not seen the other hands? For, as we actually have seen them, we shall feel inclined to play in such a way as to make as many tricks as possible.  
**Answer.**—You are particularly told that the hands must be played just as in an ordinary game, Dummy's hand being the only one exposed. It may be awkward at first trial to deliberately shut your eyes to what is staring you in the face; but there is one very simple way of evading the difficulty. Get three friends, who have not seen the cards, to play them as an ordinary deal; and write down the record of how they fell.

**Question.**—I trust that solutions will be published at the end of the competition. If the hands are not reprinted, may competitors be allowed to have their coupons back, if they apply for them, enclosing stamps for postage? This would save the trouble of copying out the hands, as I daresay many ladies besides myself would like to paste the hands and their solutions into an album.  
**Answer.**—If space can be spared, it is intended to give correct plays of the hands after the close of the competition, accompanying each solution with a reprint of the original diagram.

To E.T., A.R.F., H.W.H., and "Double."—Communications received. F.G., E.H.R., and F.R.C. omit to enclose P.O.s.

Ernest Bergholt.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares No-trumps.

A leads ♠ 4.

Write out what you consider would be the best play of the above hand if it were dealt in the ordinary course of play. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name..... Nom de Guerre.....  
Address..... or Initials .....

## DICKINS & JONES

### SMART TWEED COSTUME

trimmed with black silk braid, edged with mixed braids to match the material. Revers and cuffs of white velvet also trimmed with braids. Coat can be worn open or closed.

Price 6 Guineas.

If made to measure, 7s. 6d. extra.

**CHARMING WHITE FELT HAT**, edged Black, and smartly arranged with White Birds and Ribbons.

Price 30/-

**BLACK or NAVY SERGE COATS and SKIRTS** in various styles, from 78/6, also in Tweed at same price.

**SHORT TWEED WALKING SKIRTS.**

Price 29/6.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.

## "What do you think of it?"

Have you tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa just before retiring? Do you ever take a cup in the forenoon when you feel you need a light nourishment?

When the ubiquitous "cup of tea" palls on the appetite, have you ever tried a cup of Rowntree's Elect Cocoa instead?

What do you think of it?

# Rowntree's

## ELECT Cocoa

Write for Free Elect Coupons and Collecting Sheet to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, M.I. Dept., York.



## Beautiful Burano Lace.

By Mrs. F. NEVILLE JACKSON.

THE Italian specimen of the celebrated Burano point lace shown on this page is made at the little island which lies about three miles distant from Venice across the shallow lagoon. It has a net ground made with the needle, so that in this particular it resembles

Every day new designs and new adaptations in art needlework are offered until one is threatened with a positive embarras de richesse. Among the recent charming uses to which art needlework can be put is in working stained glass designs. The accompanying sketch shows a beautiful example, in the present popular appliqué work, for use as a short blind.

The ground is a piece of écu millers' gauze on which the graceful and elegant design in poppies shows to great advantage. The flowers and the leaves in red and green glacé silk are framed with satin-stitch in lead-coloured filofloss, the stems being worked in the same material. The wave-shaped base is appliqué, in red glacé silk also framed in satin stitch, and the entire design is surrounded by a half-inch lead-coloured silk braid.

This is a class of work which illustrates most admirably the tendency of modern art needlework, combining as it does simplicity and minimum labour with high artistic and decorative value. It does not belong to the merely pretty, ornamental, and useless trifle of needlework, for it fills a distinct want. In almost every house one or more windows may be found where the outlook is on a dead wall or some other unpleasant object, and it has hitherto been necessary to utilise stained glass, which is at times very costly, or one must be contented with transfer imitations



An example of "stained glass embroidery"—the new decorative art.

the Alençon and Brussels point gaze types rather than the laces in which bars connect the motifs.

The revival of the Burano lace industry is like a page out of a romance. After running great risk of becoming a lost art the laces now rival in beauty those produced in the last years of their manufacture in the eighteenth century.

It is interesting to watch the pretty Italian girls, seated at their work, which is supported on pillows, though this is not what is sometimes called pillow-lace, but is done entirely with the needle point. For this reason it is just to call the two kinds of laces respectively needle-point and bobbins laces, both being supported by a pillow in the hands of the worker.

In Burano lace the pattern is worked first, the net being made afterwards, so as to connect the motifs as they lie in their places on the cushion. The crown and the name of the illustrious handkerchief are also in the needle-point stitches characteristic of Burano lace. This is a handkerchief made for the Queen of Holland.



Point lace handkerchief in the possession of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

with their crude designs and colouring. Again, it often happens that one wishes to keep a room free from the intrusive gaze of the passers-by in the street. If the room be already imperfectly lighted, the use of curtains in this case is highly objectionable owing to the obstruction of light.

In such instances the blind described above is most admirably suitable, inasmuch as the method of working insures both sides appearing almost alike, while the entire design is translucent, and, indeed, almost transparent when seen against the light.

### NOVELTY PURSES.

It is the little details that count in dress, and very often it is the most simple novelty that serves one's purpose best. Even the unconsidered trifles that the shops are displaying now are less frivolous than they used to be, and decidedly more convenient. The majority have a purpose to fulfil, even if they are merely fashion's fad.

Especially is this the case in the new purses, among which the flat-iron one heads the list of novelties. It is fully eight inches long, and looking at it from the side, it certainly does bear a slight resemblance to the domestic flat-iron. It is made of tan-coloured pigskin, stitched with heavy yellow silk thread, and is ornamented with the owner's initials or monogram in large gold letters.

### RECHERCHE FOOTWEAR.

The love of the picturesque extends even to our footwear, and the Cromwellian style of shoe consequently remains in favour. Of such genre is our first sketch, carried out in patent leather with a gold steel buckle. Next

a very smart boot with a patent galosh, and an upper of tan calf. A charming court shoe for dancing in soft glacé kid has jet embroidered straps. While to return once more to the picturesque, consider the fascinating fascinator. Seize examples, one in gold and white brocade, the other in pink brocade. The latter vaunts a butterfly bow edged with lace. While in conclusion there is a smart patent shoe having strapings of green suede studded with gold.



Boots and Shoes for all occasions

## For the Modern Dandy.

THE REACTION IN FAVOUR OF JEWELLERY FOR MEN.

trremely good, giving the appearance of a narrow band of diamonds only, and causing people to wonder how they are fitted into the shirt.

Single studs are not nearly so much worn as they were formerly, and perhaps two studs are more fashionable than three, though it is purely a matter of taste. The very latest design for studs and links is of bright crimson enamel with a Louis XVI. lattice work of diamonds in platinum over the enamel.

### Waistcoat Buttons.

White waistcoat buttons are nearly always fanciful nowadays, though some men may still prefer plain mother-of-pearl. Lately a tendency has come in to have these pearl buttons outlined with platinum or plain gold and studded with either a diamond or a coloured jewel. They are occasionally made of onyx with a diamond in the centre, and these look well even with a black dress waistcoat. But the smartest men of the day—that is to say, those who pay great attention to their toilette—are not infrequently seen with waistcoat buttons matching their studs and links.

### Novelties in Scarf Pins.

With regard to scarf pins, they are certainly in much better taste than used to be the case some twenty years ago. The leviathan horse-

shoe is now left to adorn the stage villain or the more loudly-dressed bookmakers. Plain pearls are always in good taste, but they cost a lot of money, especially if they be pear-shaped.

Pearls or sapphires, or, in fact, any coloured stones when set round with diamonds, have been worn for years past, and there is nothing new about them, but the great French and American jewellers are introducing all sorts of pretty devices.

One recently seen was in the form of a little Etruscan vase, the bowl of the vase being formed of one pearl, whilst the handle, top, and stand were made of diamonds. At Tiffany's a charming scarf pin was to be seen the other day, consisting of a tiny diamond quiver of arrows, tipped with rubies, hanging by a little tiny chain, with one single diamond. It was not at all a big jewel, but an exceedingly pretty one.

### The Winning-Post Pin.

From Paris, too, comes the fashion of a scarf pin made in the form of a winning-post on a French racetrack—that is to say, a plain round disc, one side being of diamonds and the other of rubies or sapphires, so that it practically makes two pins. The King was presented with one of these scarf pins.

There is always an argument as to whether watch chains should be worn with white waist-

coats for evening dress. There are many who are content to let the watch rest in their pockets unattached, but this can hardly be deemed a very safe measure, as the watch is liable to slip out. For many years past little watch chains of thin gold studded with pearls have been worn, and there are photographs of the King, the Prince of Wales, and the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg all wearing these chains.

Again from Paris comes another novelty, consisting of platinum chains in rather long links set with cabochon sapphires outlined in platinum, whilst a particularly neat chain for a black waistcoat is made of fine narrow watered silk ribbon with a little diamond clasp or buckle at either end.

A great deal has been heard lately about very flat watches—not only for women, but for men—and they are certainly to be recommended for dress purposes, as they take up so little room. Here, again from Paris, comes the revival of that beautiful art, the enamelling and decorating of watch cases. One recently seen was backed with a beautiful translucent emerald green enamel. Upon this was a Louis XVI. design in gold, and the outer edge was of white enamel. The face of the watch was, of course, plain, but the swivel was likewise enamelled in green and white.

### The King's Match Box.

The newest match boxes are round and very flat, and on the occasion of the King's birthday Lord Dudley presented his Majesty with a round flat case enamelled in the centres with the Imperial crown in correct colours and surrounded on one side by roses and thistles and on the other by shamrocks. A cabochon sapphire is pressed down to open this case, which was lined with dark blue enamel.

ALTHOUGH one occasionally reads that no gentleman would ever think of wearing anything but mother-of-pearl or plain gold studs or links, such statements must be modified in view of modern taste. I do not mean that, on the contrary, men shall smother themselves in jewels, but during the last few years a very pretty and dainty fashion has arisen, owing probably its origin to Paris, for such ornaments as studs, links, evening dress watch chains, match boxes, and even watches, to be treated in an artistic manner without any trace of effeminacy.

Of course, pearls will always be popular with men for studs in a dress shirt, but there are very few who can afford the luxury of having these gems for links, as they must necessarily be of some considerable size to be of any use. A fashion prevails in Paris and in Vienna of using rather large cabochon stones for studs and links, set round with a band of plain gold, but they are not particularly effective, and are, as a rule, inconveniently large.

### Useful for Presents.

Enamels are being very much used for these adjuncts to evening dress, and when lightly treated are certainly very beautiful. Waistcoat buttons, links, and studs of pale rose enamel on gold, with a raised design in the centre in brilliants, are now made. Another design in enamel is a set of studs which were first introduced by Cartier last year. They are made of white enamel in a hexagon form outlined with diamonds, and the effect on the shirt front is ex-





## The King's Kitchen.

WHERE TO-DAY'S BANQUET TO THE ITALIAN ROYALTIES IS BEING PREPARED.

THERE is something piquant in the thought that while even the humblest housewife among us all prides herself on an up-to-date kitchen the King has to be content, when at Windsor Castle, with a vast old vaulted hall which remains perhaps the only portion of the Castle exactly as it was through all the Middle Ages.

### Few Women Workers.

I must hasten to add, however, that every improvement that chefs and scientists could devise in the last hundred years has been adapted to this old-world place, and the Master Cook and his three assistants, the Yeoman of the Kitchen, the assistant cooks, the roasting cooks, the apprentices, the scouers, and—alas! that they alone should represent the fairer sex in our Sovereign's kitchen—the kitchen-maids, pastry-maids, and quaintly-named "necessary woman," have no reason to complain of the place in which they have to do their work.

When a State banquet is being prepared the resources of even the royal kitchen are strained to the uttermost. The huge roasting ranges allow of six rows of large joints being cooked simultaneously, while at a special small open range is done all the roasting of game.

An interest attaches to a quaint little range, only suited to the burning of charcoal, which was actually designed by the Prince Consort, who took a vivid and practical interest in his own and Queen Victoria's kitchen. From time immemorial certain culinary delicacies have been connected with the Windsor royal kitchen, particularly woodcock pie; of which one at least is sent to every member of the Royal Family at home and abroad at Christmas time, as is also a Windsor plum pudding.

### The Dishing-up Table.

The most enviable thing in the King's kitchen, from the point of view of the practical woman who does, or who superintends, the cooking in her own household, is the royal dishing-up table. This remarkable table—if it can be called—is of steel, brass-rimmed. Underneath is a hollow cavity filled with steam, as are also the brass-cased legs, and on the polished surface, which is kept at so high a state of brilliancy that it looks almost like a looking-glass, is done all the dishing-up of the various hot dainties.

It may be whispered that there was a time when a good deal of waste went on in the royal kitchen, but some sixty years ago, under the auspices of Prince Consort, great reforms were instituted, and now it may be doubted whether any royal culinary department in the world is as generously and yet as economically managed as is that presided over by his Majesty's chef. Tickets are distributed to the deserving poor of the royal borough, and in exchange these fortunate folk receive the remains of what food is not actually consumed in the vast household.

The Master Cook or Chef is said to receive a salary varying from £700 to £2,000 a year.

Whatever it be, he is certainly to be envied, for though his responsibilities are great, he leads a very interesting life, and every arrangement is made for his convenience and comfort.

Perhaps the most difficult portion of the chef's daily task is not the actual supervision of the culinary operations, but the making out of alternate menus, in which have to be consulted the health, as well as the taste, of his royal Master. The chef has also to estimate the various quantities of perishable food required on those occasions when their Majesties' guests are counted by the hundred and when royal visitors are accompanied by a large and important suite, whose nationality has to be more or less considered.

The State banquet will be served in part on the famous service of plate which was originally formed by the First Gentleman in Europe, and which was said at the time—when money went a good deal further in the buying of such luxuries than it does now—to cost twenty-six guineas apiece all round. Of the two great dinner services, one is of gold and the other of silver, but valuable as they are, they are as nothing to the royal plate to be displayed on the sideboards at to-night's banquet. The various items are said to be worth nearly two million pounds.

The most valuable piece of plate in the collection will certainly be seen by our Italian visitors to-night. It consists of a nauticus cup which is believed by some experts to have been the work of Benvenuto Cellini. In curious pathetic contrast to the barbaric splendour of much of the plate always displayed on the occasion of a State banquet, and which includes the far-famed life-sized gold tiger's head, of which the eyes and teeth are of rock crystal, is the small silver-gilt porridge pot always used by Napoleon I. on his campaigns, and which was found in his deserted travelling case after Waterloo.

All those requiring Servants should read pages 15 and 16 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

## £500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd.

Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—  
For the Best Suggestion - - £500.  
For the Second Best - - £100.  
Eighty other Suggestions - - £25 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be the sole arbiters in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—  
Suggestion Department,  
THE DAILY MIRROR,  
2, CARNARVON STREET,  
LONDON, E.C.

## SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

### No. 41.—STUFFED TOMATOES.

INGREDIENTS:—Four large tomatoes, two ounces of cooked ham or bacon or cold meat, two tablespoonfuls of fresh bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one ounce of butter.

Choose firm, large tomatoes. Wipe them and with a sharp knife remove a piece out of the centre so as to leave a space.

Chop finely the meat, parsley, and onion. Put them in a small saucepan with the bread crumbs, butter, the pulp that was taken out of the tomatoes and a little gravy or stock to moisten the whole. Make the mixture very hot, and fill the tomatoes carefully with it, pressing it well down. Leave a little heap on the top of each, sprinkle this over with a few browned crumbs. Heat the tomatoes in a slow oven till they are just tender. Spread any mixture there is left over on small rounds of fried bread, place the tomatoes on these, and serve very hot.

Cost 1s. 4d. for four portions.

### No. 42.—SPANISH BREAD.

INGREDIENTS:—Seven eggs, eight ounces of sugar, six ounces of flour, one and a half ounces of sweet almonds.

Thickly butter a square cake tin with clarified butter, then shake over the butter a mixture of flour and sugar in equal proportions, shake out all that will not stick to the butter. Beat up the eggs till frothy, then add to them the sugar and beat for ten minutes, placing the basin over a pan of hot water, then move the basin to a table and beat till the mixture looks thick and "ropy." Add the flour lightly. Skin the almonds, shred them finely, and add them, stirring them very lightly into the mixture. Put the mixture in the prepared tin and bake in a quick oven about three-quarters of an hour.

Cost 1s. 3d.

### No. 43.—BEETROOT SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—One quart of white stock, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one large cooked beetroot, one stick of celery, half a gill of cream, salt and pepper, a little lettuce.

Melt the butter in a pan and shake into it the flour, cook it over the fire for a few minutes without browning the flour. Then add the stock and stir the mixture over the fire till it boils and thickens. Scrape the beetroot, then cut it into fine shreds. Wash and shred the celery, and cut it also into shreds. When the stock boils add the beetroot and celery to it. Put the lid on the pan, and cook the soup for half an hour, then rub it through a sieve. Rub enough of the beetroot through to make the soup of a nice consistency and colour. Season it carefully, and add to it the cream. Then make it thoroughly hot without quite boiling it. Serve with fine shreds of lettuce put in at the last moment.

Cost 1s. 8d. for four portions.

### No. 44.—GATEAU A LA NEW YORK.

INGREDIENTS:—Two dozen Savoy biscuits, a round sixpenny sponge cake, half a pint of cream, one lemon, apricot jam, four ounces of icing sugar, half a pound of grapes, black and white; a small tin of apricots, a yard of ribbon.

Trim the sponge cake till it fits your dish nicely: it should be two inches thick. Rub the icing sugar through a sieve, then mix into it just enough water and lemon juice to make a stiff paste. Beat this well. Then spread a thin layer of this mixture round the outside edge of the cake, and spread the top of the cake with apricot jam. Next build up a wall of Savoy biscuits round the edge of the cake, pressing them firmly on to the icing sugar, which will harden, and keep them in place.

When the icing is hard tie the ribbon carefully round the cake, half way up. Whip the cream, and flavour and sweeten it nicely. Cut the apricots in quarters; just before serving put the apricots on the top of the sponge cake. Pile the whipped cream on them, and decorate with the grapes.

Glacé cherries may be used instead of the grapes.

Cost 4s. for eight portions.

## HART & SON,

Ladies' Tailors

AND

Habit Makers.



GENTLEWOMAN, Oct. 31st, 1903.

"If you try one of Hart's Coats you will want it or something like it. Take note that you never looked better in your life."

## Riding Habits a Speciality.

ONE OF NUMEROUS TESTIMONIALS.

KENSLEY, WORCESTER.

DEAR SIRS,

I am very pleased with my Habit, and Mr. Wrangham considers it one of the nicest I have ever had. It is very comfortable and fits exceedingly well, and I think your "Patent Safety" the best I have ever had, and I have worn all the best known patents. I consider yours has a decided advantage over them as, besides being extremely comfortable and safe, it is most simple and easy to adjust, and the skirt when off the saddle looks very nice. I shall certainly recommend it most highly to all my hunting friends.

Yours faithfully,  
G. WRANGHAM.

184 & 186, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.  
Also at EASTBOURNE.

**EVERY GOOD WOMAN**

Deserves a **BIS ELL CARPET SWEEPER.**

It runs easily, sweeps deeply, preserves carpets and saves time for better work than sweep. ing.

Stores, Ironmongers and House Furnishers sell them everywhere at 99, 106, 134, 142 and 175.

By Royal Warrant to



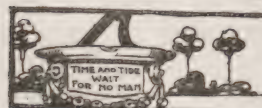
His Majesty the King.

November weather

is always

**BOVRIL**  
weather.

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR!**



## THE Daily Time-Saver.

### THE DISH OF THE DAY.

#### No. 15.—FRICASSEE DE VOLAILLE A L'HONGROISE.

By M. E. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's Restaurant.

Fry in two ounces of fresh butter two sliced onions. When a light brown colour lay in one fowl cut for sauté; let simmer for five minutes, then add one teaspoonful of good paprika and one teaspoonful of flour, and let fry for eight minutes; add 1lb. of fresh tomatoes, well pipped and chopped, and just cover it with rich chicken or veal stock; season to taste.

When your fowl is cooked take it out, and let your sauce reduce to half, then pass through a tammy cloth, whisk it on the fire, add one quarter of rich cream, pour over your fowl, and serve very hot.

### PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard, and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarvon Street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipes is Thursday, November 19th.

### PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Turbot.	Fish.	Whiting.
Herrings.	Soles.	Mackerel.
	Canadian Salmon.	Haddock.
Sprats.	Smelts.	Mullet.
Crabs.	Lobsters.	Oysters.
Game and Poultry.		
Grouse.	Partridges.	Pheasants.
Snipe.	Teal.	Hares.
Turkeys.	Ducks.	Geese.
Rabbits.	Pigeons.	Fowls.
Meat.		
Beef.	Mutton.	Veal.
		Pork.
Vegetables.		
Asparagus.	Artichokes.	Celery.
Brussels Sprouts.	Carrots.	Cauliflowers.
Leeks.	Indian Corn.	Salsify.
Spinach.	Seakale.	Salads.

### FRUIT IN SEASON.

Californian Plums.  
Oranges. Pears. Grapes. Nuts.  
Bananas. Lychees. Italian Figs.

### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table.  
Yellow Orchids. White Lilac.  
Roses, Yellow, Pink, and Cream.  
Carnations. White Hyacinths.  
Smilax and Maidenhair.  
Cut Flowers and Flowers for the Table.  
Aspidium. Polypodium.  
Pink Begonias.  
Solananus. Spiraea. Marguerites.





SMOKING IN THEATRES.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

I daresay I am old-fashioned, but I hope you will let me say a word about the proposal to allow smoking in the theatres. I wish to protest against an innovation which can only cause serious discomfort to most of the members of my own sex.

Of course, I know that some women—who doubtless would like to be regarded as gentlemen—have given themselves up to the smoking habit, but they are fortunately still in the minority. Even these, I fancy, do not want smoking in the theatres. Our dining rooms, our drawing rooms, and even our boudoirs have been invaded by the fumes of tobacco. We women are too lenient in this matter, and we shall be foolish indeed if we allow the customs of the music-hall to be introduced into the theatre.

We have it in our power to decide this matter. If smoking is allowed in any theatre we can best express our dissent by not going there. Our standard of manners must have suffered a change for the worse when such a question as this is seriously discussed. Fancy the condition of a lady's hair and clothes after an evening spent in an atmosphere of cigar and cigarette smoke! Fancy a gentleman of fifty years old wishing to smoke in a theatre!

I hope the *Daily Mirror* will stand firmly against an ill-mannered and selfish proposal, and thus preserve the good will of one who is not ashamed to sign herself

AN OLD LADY.

A FAIR AMERICAN READER'S PROTEST.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

As an American girl, who takes a great interest in your delightful paper, I hope you will allow me to come to the defence of my countrywomen by denying the statements of "A Mere Man" in the *Daily Mirror*. He says apropos of over-dressing in the morning as a fault of the fashionable Englishwoman: "The fact is, that we have borrowed from New York this un-English fashion of over-dressing in the morning and in the street." It is evident that "A Mere Man" has never been to New York, or he would have noticed the tastelessness of the American lady's walking toilette. It is considered extremely vulgar in New York for any woman to be at all notice-

ably dressed in the street, and not only are the morning gowns dark in shades, but they are almost severely simple, and although handsome furs are worn the hat is always the quietest though smartest description.

The sort of clothes which an Englishwoman wears out of doors in London would be impossible in New York, and would bring her only grave annoyance. No one would believe at first sight that the lady was either well-born or refined.

I have often had to explain to American women that in England it is not always the chorus girl alone who makes herself unattractively conspicuous in the street.

EVELYN BIGELOW.

GERMAN HUSBANDS AND ENGLISH WIVES.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Certain it is that our English girls find favour in the eyes of German would-be Benedict, and that Anglo-German matches number not a few.

While quite agreeing with Miss Vane Turner's views on the lack of fresh air in German living rooms, I must entirely disagree with her views on one or two other points.

For instance, what she calls the drudging of Theodor's mother and sisters is simply domesticity, the house frau's motto being that her home is her world, and it would be well if our English housewives would take a leaf out of her book; and what is spoken of as her shabby clothing is just her sensible, work-a-day fashion, minus the useless, cumbersome tawdriness that I am afraid too often adorns the English housewife. The foregoing, however, is descriptive of middle-class families only.

There are numbers of English girls who have married into the first German families, and are shining lights, much courted by society, and very happy in their German homes, where, if they wish, they entertain in just the same manner as they would in England, and such entertaining is much appreciated by German society.

In conclusion, my experience of German politeness has been that, instead of lacking that quality, they possess it in excess.

Bournemouth. MARY GREENSTREET.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER ON WIGS.

To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.

Will you allow me space in your brilliant paper to ever so gently protest against a paragraph which directly concerns me, and which is entitled "Wigs on the Green."

The writer is kind enough to say that I am "otherwise amiable," but, believe me, I am quite amiable on the matter of wigs also. I am sorry if I have offended anybody by being fairly outspoken on the matter of wigs, but I have no sensitiveness on these points myself, and must be forgiven if I cannot understand that any woman of sense should mind the whole world knowing how old she is, whether she wears a wig or her own hair, or whether she has replaced aching, and possibly ugly, teeth by artificial ones; but I can understand that the wearer of a wig is sensitive as regards the condition of that article. When I wore one myself, I found it quite impossible to take my hat off and show myself without making some small efforts at re-arrangement.

When I said that ninety-nine women out of a hundred wear wigs I did not mean to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, nor certainly did I mean to suggest that ninety-nine out of a hundred women of the entire population of this kingdom wear other hair than their own.

I intended the remark to apply in a general way to theatre-goers, and to imply that a very large number of women do wear wigs. And that I stoutly maintain. A fair-minded person has only to look at the advertisement sheets of any of the great ladies' papers, when he will find—I wish to be taken literally this time—a large number of expensive advertisements pointing out the advantages of the different houses who make these articles of feminine adornment. In one recently I counted nine half-page advertisements, with lavish illustrations of fair ladies sporting what are delicately called "transformations." No other proof is needed of the gigantic proportions of this trade.

I say nothing against such additions to feminine beauty; indeed, many thousands of ladies would be highly commendable did they at once cover their scrappy heads with such artistic creations; but, equally certain is it that the best course is to grow your own hair, and personally, without desiring to be unamiable—let alone spiteful—I do think it is a pity when possessors of ample locks cover them with a wig. In my own personal acquaintance I know two girls, one two-and-twenty and the other four-and-twenty, both with lovely heads of hair, who have been persuaded into buying and wearing these things.

Personally, I do wish Mr. Chamberlain could put a tax upon wigs, both for men and women. Anyone reduced to wearing a wig from necessity would not grudge the few shillings. Surely a wig is as well worth paying for as a dog?

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

(Henrietta E. V. Stannard.)

J. W. ELVERY & Co.'s  
NEW RAIN-COATS.



21/-, 25/6, 30/-.

IN HARRIS, DONALD, AND HOSIERY. A Selection of Coats sent on approval on receipt of Business Reference. New Patterns and particulars in Return of Post. MOTOR or STAFF Caps, 7/6 and 10/6.

31, CONDUIT STREET  
(One door from New Bond Street, London, W. Also at 45 and 47, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin, and at 78, Patrick Street, Cork.)

VALERIE, 12, New Burlington Street, W. COURT MILLINER.



Pretty biscuit felt, trimmed black astrakhan and gold galon. Lovely plume darting through brim. Price 2/6s. MADAME VALERIE announces her return from Paris with the Latest Creations in AUTUMN MILLINERY, having secured the services of Modistes from the leading Paris Houses. She has now "les derniers cris" in Hats and Bonnets at her Showrooms, at her usual moderate prices. SCENTED VEILS 1/7 each. Renovations a Specialty.

Millinery sent on Approval upon Receipt of London Trade Reference; or Deposit.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XVI.  
Continued.

MARTIA was half-ashamed that she experienced no pleasure in coming back. She had not much home feeling in her nature. Her home was where Philip was, she was not capable of weaving the fondest and closest ties and associations about rooms and furniture, and other inanimate things.

It was perhaps the result of the strange history of her childhood and youth. She had been that most forlorn and pitiful of creatures, a foundling, whom a middle-aged and somewhat eccentric Scotchwoman had rescued from the untender mercies of a French peasant in Brittany, to whose care her mother had abandoned the child, then two years old.

The peasant had resolutely refused to give any information, except that the child was born in wedlock of English parents, and that her mother would never claim her. She had parted from her willingly for a small sum of money, and the Scotchwoman, Mrs. Fraser, by name, a childless widow, had adopted her, giving her the name of Martia, a favourite with her own family, most of the members of which had joined the great majority. As Martia Fraser she grew up, alternately ill-treated and petted by her adopted mother, who was of a most uncertain temper, and who died suddenly when the girl was seventeen, leaving her an income of two hundred pounds per annum, without appointing any trustees, except an easy-going old lawyer, who allowed her to do exactly as she liked.

With such a strange history, it was no wonder that the home ties were loosely knit in the girl's nature. When she was fifteen Mrs. Fraser told her all that she herself knew of her antecedents. The recital strengthened the independence of the girl's nature, while it hardened her heart. Affection for her adopted mother she had never felt. The

memory of sundry strokes of the birch was keener than that of the corresponding periods of petting and spoiling. She had never been to school, being educated entirely by Mrs. Fraser herself, who had been a governess, and was a very learned woman.

All the immense capacity for passionate devotion that existed, unknown to herself, in the girl's heart, had thus been pent up to be lavished, when she met him, on the man who was now her husband. All her latent emotional possibilities had burst into blossom, conjured out of their long winter sleep by the magic wand of love. Almost from the first moment when she set eyes on Philip Chesney, a stormy day, when she, a restless, independent, dissatisfied girl, returning from a visit to a friend of Mrs. Fraser's in Paris, had been detained by the violence of the weather in the same hotel at Calais as the handsome young soldier, she gave her life into his hands to do with as he would. She was fortunate in that he returned the devotion that she wholly, so freely, and unquestioningly gave. Six weeks after their first meeting they were man and wife, and all the doleful prophecies of Philip's relatives and friends had been triumphantly set at naught, for, after three years of married life, they were still the two happiest people in the whole world.

Now, for the first time, Martia came back to her home alone, with a leaden weight crushing her youth and her high spirits, and a strange presentiment in her heart that she was coming back to disaster. It was an oppression that was quite distinct and separate from the memory of the fearful tragedy of Lewis Detmold's death, which already seemed to be receding from her, as if it had formed part of another life, and brought abiding horror into the heart of another woman.

Here, in this hum-drum little place, seen for the first time away from the presence of her beloved, standing irresolute and hesitating on the threshold of her home, with the neglected garden around her, a foreknowledge came to her of other sorrows, all forming part of the same endless chain of consequences; and it seemed that a new sight had been given to her by the fierce rays of light that had shown her the dark places of the earth; and she saw long days of dreary emptiness, and a heart unsatisfied, tortured, yearning, aching—for what? For something that it had lost, the most precious thing on earth, the great, glorious gift for which and in which it had lived.

Suddenly all seemed to grow dark about her. She felt icy cold and faint, and looked wildly for something to steady herself by.

Then the door of the house opened and one of her maid-servants came out, smiling, and she realised that these thoughts that had seemed to contain the whole of a life and to lay bare a quivering soul had only flashed through her mind while she walked from the

gate up the short gravel path, and paused an instant on the threshold of her home.

She greeted the maid, who ran down to fetch her dressing-case from the cab, and passed into the hall, which was low-ceiled, with great oaken beams, but, for a house that was called a cottage, remarkably large. There another figure awaited her, a tall, slim girl, who stood with a welcoming smile on her face in the cool half-light that filtered in through a large stained glass window at the back.

Martia held out both her hands; she had anticipated absolute loneliness with a nervous horror, and the affectionate welcome was such a relief that she could have flung her arms round the girl's neck.

"Claudia, how good of you!" she exclaimed. "But when did you all come down? I saw Lord Clowes at the station. Nobody told me that you had left London."

"We came down three days ago," Claudia Waynefleet answered. "Mother and I. We have left Jacqueline with Lady Leicester. I heard you were coming this afternoon, and I thought you'd be moped to death without Captain Chesney, so I came over, and there's some tea waiting for you in the drawing-room, so come and have it. You must be hot and tired."

"Dear Claudia," said Martia, "you are just the only person I should be glad to see now. I am feeling—Oh, well, I have a headache, and it's simply awfully good of you to come."

They walked into the drawing-room as she spoke, and she hoped her companion did not notice the hysterical tremor in her voice.

"Oh, Claudia!" she exclaimed. "How lovely! From Clowes Park, I am sure! And strawberries, too! They make me feel quite hungry."

On several small tables in her drawing-room were great bowls of roses that filled the air with fragrance. The sun blinds were drawn and it was cool and pleasant; but, even in the subdued light, it was not a pretty room. There was a little litter of beautiful and even rare things about, trifles picked up abroad and presents from Sir John; but the bulk of the furniture was what had already been in the house when Lord Clowes presented it to them, shabby and ugly mid-Victorian pieces of mahogany, covered with striped red and white silks, too massive and clumsy in shape. The walls were distempered, a dull pink, which had become patchy; the carpet was a faded Brussels, which Martia had striven to cover with some good Oriental rugs. But it looked very incongruous, and she wondered, with a shiver of distaste, why she had never noticed it before.

"What a hideous room!" she exclaimed. Lady Claudia was busying herself with the tea things; she laughed gently, but sent a swift, scrutinising glance into her friend's clouded eyes.

"It is after Sir John's beautiful house,"

Continued on Page 14.

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Continued from Page 13.

Martia," she said. "I always think that is simply perfect."

Martia nodded her head, assenting somewhat grudgingly; then she took off her hat and coat and threw herself, with a movement as easy as blowing, into a big osier chair near the window, where the small table with the tea-tray was placed.

Lady Claudia handed her tea and thin toast and poured cream over a plate of luscious strawberries.

"Forgive me playing hostess to you in your own house, Martia," she said, with gentle humour. "But I'm sure you're very tired." From the look of faint surprise on her beautiful face it was plain that she was wondering whether there was not something else the matter with her friend.

"Oh, Claudia," said Martia, after she had drunk a cup of strong tea and eaten some of the cool strawberries, "you are the only person I know in the whole world except Philip who always does exactly the right thing."

Lady Claudia smiled a little sadly.

"I am afraid, Martia," she remarked, "that you are the only person who thinks so."

For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the tinkle of the fine china and the drowsy hum of the insects outside. Martia leaned back in her chair, with her eyes half-closed. She looked at Lady Claudia with gratitude and affection, and it seemed to her that her superstitious fears, born of that unaccountable prescience of evil, left her, and she drew calmness and strength from the noble beauty of her friend's face.

Lady Claudia was superbly beautiful. It had never been said that she was a loveliness before which all critics were dumb. She was, as one would imagine, a goddess, or a queen, tall, slim, admirably proportioned, full of health and vigour, and yet delicately graceful as a lily stem. To describe her face, one could only say that it was perfect, in proportion, in colouring, in line. Her hair was dark, and grew low on her square brow, from which it was brushed back in heavy glossy waves, and gathered in a close knot on her neck. And with all this beauty went the vivacious, lively face. There was strength in the lovely face, and the serenity of a perfectly-balanced nature.

She wore a long clinging gown of soft white material, and she had taken off her broad-trimmed hat, and laid it on the couch beside her. She looked to Martia's admiring gaze like the statue of a Greek goddess in Parian marble, only, while a statue's eyes are blank, Claudia Wayne's were of a wonderful brown colour, shot with strange lights of green and grey, and out of them looked a beautiful soul.

"And yet," thought Martia with amazement, "this perfect creature is going to sell herself to a brainless hypocrite like Verulam!"

But she did not hint at what was passing in her mind. She turned and looked out of the window, with a sort of helpless impatience. "The whole house is dreadful," she said. "Just look at the garden! I suppose it is after coming from Chesney Lodge that I notice it so much. And it is my fault—that is the worst of it. I'm such a wretched house-keeper; I can't do things that have to be done economically. Oh, Claudia, it is miserable to be poor!"

"Yes, it is," assented the other, with a little smile that revealed a delicate sense of humour in the curves of her beautiful lips. "But, you don't know much about poverty, Martia. Not," she added in a lower tone—"as I do."

"No, poor Claudia," said Martia remorsefully. "I'm only hopelessly extravagant and selfish, while you are a heroine, and deny yourself everything except the bare necessities, so that Jacqueline may have pretty gowns to put on her back."

"No, no, Martia!" said Lady Claudia, quickly.

"But it is true," continued her friend, with a touch of indignation. "You can't deny it, Claudia. Of course, it is not anybody's business but yours; and I won't talk about it any more, as you don't like it. Why have you come away from London, Claudia? Can you spare the time? You ought to be awfully busy about your trousseau. Isn't the wedding to be early in September?"

A look of weariness passed over Lady Claudia's face.

"Oh, it is the result of one of our edifying family differences," she said, with a touch of proud bitterness in her voice, which, with its firm, serene tones, carried out the promise of her face.

"Oh, poor Claudia!" murmured Martia, sympathetically.

"You know how it is with us," said the other girl, "I can talk to you, Martia. I want to know whether another woman who has an ordinary woman's feelings about such matters considers me as mad and hyper-sensitive and foolish as my family do. It is all about this wretched trousseau, the piles of finery that a girl has to load herself with before, it appears, she can enter upon married life with any degree of self-respect. Well, everybody knows how poor we are. I don't mind that. But I did mind when Lord Clowes told my mother that he wished me to buy clothes to the amount of a thousand pounds at his expense, so that I might be fitted out in a manner worthy of Verulam's position." She flung back her head; her nostrils quivered with suppressed anger. Martia had never seen the stately Claudia so agitated before.

"I answered him that if my father's daughter would disgrace Verulam's position by the clothes that she could afford out of her own purse," she declared the honour of occupying it at all."

"Quite right," murmured Martia, approvingly. "He puts things in such a horrid way. What happened?"

## CHAPTER XVII.

LADY CLAUDIA leaned against the stiff straight back of the couch. Martia, who watched her with dawning anxiety, saw that her face was white with a pallor not natural in such a superbly healthy and sane organism, and that the droop of her lips and something in the attitude of her whole body betrayed a mortal weariness. When she spoke her voice sounded as if she were forcibly suppressing all manner of unrefined emotions.

"What happened?" she said, echoing Martia's question with a little laugh that had no mirth in it. "Oh, the usual thing! Recriminations and tears from mother, sneers from Jacqueline. Oh, I feel a perfect beast to talk like this about my people," she cried, with sudden vehemence. "But you understand, Martia; I don't want to say anything against them; but we are so different—we see things differently. They call me ungrateful, churlish, to refuse Lord Clowes's offer to make myself gorgeous at his expense. And I don't want to say anything against him, either. I have no doubt he meant well, and I know that such things are done, and, under other circumstances, it might be all right. But, as she broke off with a sigh, and, after a moment's silence, continued, in the hurried manner of an extremely reserved person who—at last found it imperative to confide in someone. "I daresay it seems childish to you—to refuse a present from Verulam's father, when I am going to accept everything from Verulam himself. I see it myself, but—oh, it is the whole thing, Martia! If only they wouldn't talk about his position morning, noon, and night. I am tired to death of it."

"It is no doubt a fine position," said Martia. "It is the only thing that reconciles me, Claudia, to your marrying Verulam."

"What do you mean?" Lady Claudia's beautiful eyes flashed a strange glance into her friend's face. It was startled, almost frightened.

"I mean," said Martia, "that you are a queen by nature, Claudia, and you ought to have a splendid setting. As Verulam's wife you will have everything you can possibly desire. I am already looking forward to seeing you *en grande tenue*; in a white velvet gown, with old lace, and all the Clowes's rubies on your neck and in your hair. You will be the most beautiful woman in the whole world, my Claudia." Despite this glowing description of her friend's future splendour, Martia's voice was by no means enthusiastic.

A startling change had swept over the other girl's face, convulsing the beautiful features with a pain that was almost agony. She held out her hands, as if Martia's words were blows that she was warding off.

"Oh, you must not talk like that," she cried, in a choked voice. "I can't allow it—not even you, Martia! I can't bear it! You must not talk about it at all!"

Martia heard several things in those muffled tones—self-loathing and fear, but, dominant among them, an overwhelming misery.

She leaned forward, and spoke with all the earnestness of an intense solemn warning in the beautiful tones of her emotional voice.

"Claudia, don't do this thing! I know it was like this with you. I knew you could not be doing it because—you wanted to. Oh, Claudia, you are my friend, and I love you as if you were my sister, and you have kept away from me all these last days, because you knew that you could not deceive me. Do listen to me before it is too late! You don't care for Verulam; you can't. Such a nature as yours could not be attracted by him. I don't know why you are doing it, but it must be because you don't know what it means. Claudia, you are a true woman and there are a hundred things that will make a woman sad and weary and despondent; but there is one thing that makes life intolerable, that makes her wish she were dead with every new day that dawns—and that is the state of her mind, if she be married to a man she does not love."

There was a silence. Lady Claudia had buried her proud head in her hands. For all their intimacy, Martia felt a sort of guilt in looking at her, as if she had surprised some secret that should have been sacred from the eyes of all men. But her earnestness was greater than her embarrassment, and she was determined, if she could, to snatch this sister soul from such a hideous destiny as opened out before her in a loveless marriage with an unworthy man.

Lady Claudia looked up. Her face was grey and drawn.

"Martia, have mercy!" she whispered. "Don't talk like that! You can't know from experience."

"No, I know from the other side," said her friend, her voice soft with all the memories and the joys of her great love. "I know that when a woman is married to the man she loves, she has tasted heaven on earth. And it is not for nothing that an instinct has been given to us, which has proved true through all the ages, when we have followed their hearts; and we know, although no one should tell us, that if we marry without love we turn the world of our own accord into a wilderness. It isn't given to all of us to make it a Paradise; but we can all keep it a place that we can walk in without a thorn piercing our feet at every step."

"But, Martia, see how few women marry for love. And yet—look around you, they all seem content!" Lady Claudia's voice was full of humble appeal. It touched Martia to the quick, because it showed her all the hesitation and fear and misery that the proud girl had never before allowed to escape her eyes and lips.

"Don't believe it, Claudia," she said; and her great earnestness transfigured her face, wiping out all personal feelings, and touching it with a compelling charm that transcended the flawless perfection of the beautiful girl at her side, and made her seem as the subject pleading, with a mortal not to forsake the light that it has been given to him to see.

"Of course," she went on, "there are women who are content, because they have mercenary souls that only want money, or ambitious souls that long for power; but even they in their hearts must feel that they have bartered their happiness for something that they grasp for a moment and think they have for ever, but which turns to dust and ashes in their hands. But you are not one of those women, Claudia. I wouldn't insult you by supposing for one moment that you would sell yourself in order to live for the rest of your life in bodily ease."

Lady Claudia gave a low moan of pain, and looked with eyes of dumb reproach into her friend's face.

"Sell myself! Oh, Martia, how can you?" "But it is true. Don't be angry with me; it is only because I am so fond of you, and I am sure that some little particles of the dust that the world throws up have got into your eyes, and blinded you to the real meaning of the thing that you mean to do. If you don't give yourself, you sell yourself. And you wouldn't look or speak as you are doing, if you were going to marry Verulam with gladness in your heart, because there was no other man in the world who could make you happy. Its no good, Claudia! I know you are thinking that it's none of my business; but it is often the thing we care most about with which we have no right to interfere. If you won't listen to me, you must go away; but if you stay, I'm going to say what is in my heart, because I love you; and I can't stand by and see you make yourself miserable for the rest of your life without a protest. Why, Claudia, ever since I have been Philip's wife, we have been the closest friends, and yet, since Verulam returned and your engagement was announced, you have deliberately avoided me. So there must be something the matter with you."

Lady Claudia sat up suddenly, and, with obvious difficulty, composed her face into an expression of fixed determination.

"Martia," she said, "you are paining us both needlessly. I am not a bit angry with you, but I have made up my mind."

"I repeat there must be something the matter, some vague idea you have got into your head. You don't care for Verulam; you can't, you have refused to marry him at least half a dozen times. They have been worrying you for years."

"No, I don't care for him," said Lady Claudia almost angrily. "Listen, Martia. You yourself have reconciled me more than anyone else to this loveless marriage that you so scathingly denounce."

"I? Claudia!" Martia's face betrayed an astonishment that was almost stupefaction.

"Yes, you who are married to the man you love, whose life is called an idyll, whose happiness has been a challenge to the whole world to dare deny that love is not the greatest good on earth. Almost immediately after I had consented to become engaged to Verulam I repeated, 'I will be frank with you. It was easier while he was away, and you know how ardently both our families desired it. But when he came back, and I found that my feelings of old had not changed in the least, I felt that it was impossible. I felt what you have just now so eloquently described, Martia, that for no reason and under no circumstances whatever has a woman the right to sell herself into matrimony and deny the highest part of her nature, which demands sympathy and love between herself and the man she marries."

"I made my decision known to my mother, who received it with tears and lamentations, and then followed it up by accusing me of dishonourable conduct in trying to back out of a solemn engagement. It was in vain that I told her I would rather die than marry Verulam. She could not grasp the fact that her cherished plans were defeated; and, after a fearful scene, I agreed to wait twenty-four hours more before I finally decided. Well, before that twenty-four hours elapsed, I saw you, Martia, as I have seen you several times since, looking so unutterably miserable, so weary, so crushed, as if by some fearful load of sorrow, that I said to myself, 'If she can look like that, a woman who is married to the man she loves, who has repeatedly told me that she has everything she can possibly desire, then what can anything mean? I may as well marry Verulam, and please everybody; since, if I wait for the fabled Prince Charming, there is no guarantee that in three years' time I also shall not have occasion to look as if I wished I were dead.'"

There was something almost brutal in her words. All her gentle serenity was gone; it seemed that in a frenzy of self-vindication she was heedless of the arrows that she planted in her friend's heart.

Martia had gone white to the very lips, and listened to the recital in a kind of fascinated horror that sealed her lips.

"You understand, Martia?" Lady Claudia went on. "Can you deny that you are unhappy? I know that when you are in the world you are gay and bright; you laugh and make merry. But in repose I have watched you, when you thought yourself unobserved, and I have wondered if a woman who does not love her husband is not better off, after all, for she could not look as unhappy as you. So it seems that all of us women are destined to wear a mask. There is no fighting against it. Therefore I made up my mind to fasten mine on securely, and—vogue la galère!"

It seemed to Martia that a cold hand had

been suddenly laid on her heart. So she had not worn her mask well, after all! The busy, careless throng of men and women had been deceived, but not so this girl who was her friend, and who, arriving at a false conclusion, was going because of the fancied future happiness of her marriage to let slip all that was worth having in life. The sting of the girl's words was all the more piercing because they were so true. If she had not so greatly loved her husband she could not have suffered so bitterly. The secret that she was keeping from him was killing her, and yet she had to keep the secret in order not to lose his love.

In this wave of agonising consciousness that surged over her she almost forgot her friend, forgot to pity her because of that hard, flippant manner that vainly tried to assume lightness and carelessness, but only revealed the fearful ravages that this contemplated action was making in her heart.

"You see, Martia," said Lady Claudia, with a strange, cold light of resentment making her eyes flash like steel, "you have nothing to say. You know that what I say is true, that what our worldly mothers tell us is true, that the things to grasp at are the things visible and material, and not the things of Love, that makes you think for a moment that the world's goods are nothing, and then vanishes and leaves you to the knowledge that they are everything, and that you have passed them by."

Martia rose suddenly to her feet and paced up and down the room, with the sound of her friend's harsh laughter ringing mockingly in her ears. For a few moments her face was convulsed with a profound agitation, and then she came and sat down again, and Lady Claudia was moved to make a gesture of intense contrition, as she saw that great tears were streaming down her friend's ashen face.

"Oh, Claudia," she said brokenly, "you are wrong, you are wrong! I don't know what you mean, what you can possibly mean. You are talking like a stranger to-day; I hardly know you. But I repeat what I have told you, that love is the one treasure that endures. Other sorrows may come, I don't deny it. Life may be dark and difficult, but if you have love it makes it tolerable, it helps you—it—!" Her voice trailed off into a low moan. What was she saying? Was she misleading this girl? Was she lying, because she must grasp at the shadow of that perfect bliss that had been hers, or else sink down into the blackness of eternal night? Could anyone suffer as she was suffering? Was she speaking falsely, because, to save her reason, she must throw dust in her own eyes?

"Ah, Martia! Tell me the truth!" Lady Claudia leaned forward. She fixed her eyes masterfully on her friend's face, and it seemed to the stricken woman that they pierced her through and through. Her tone was a command. It was as if she were demanding as a right to know this fundamental truth of life. "Do we suffer more through love or through the lack of it?"

And Martia buried her head in her hands, and when she looked up, all attempt at subterfuge was wiped out of her face, and she looked like a person who has peered in through the gates of Hell, and her voice, when she spoke, was muffled in the heavy garment of agonising doubt.

"Good Heavens!" she muttered. "I do not know."

"You see," said Claudia harshly, "out of your own mouth you have answered me." Her eyes glittered coldly, but her voice had regained its accustomed serenity. "We are not going to quarrel, Martia. It was no doubt with the best intention that you tried to tell me the worn out fairy tale. But you are too honest, and I am not in the least angry with you. I have come to the conclusion that women with hearts have a dreadful time, and I wish we were all like Jacqueline, who is at the present moment happily buying her bridesmaid's finery at Lord Clowes's expense."

Martia had controlled herself with a mighty effort. She looked up, with a light of understanding in her eyes.

"I see, Claudia, it is for her—for your sister you are doing it."

Lady Claudia shrugged her shoulders, a gesture that sat as incongruously upon her as the cynical levity of her manner on this first day of self-revelation that she had allowed herself since her engagement had been announced. "If you like to put it like that. Of course, it will give her a great chance. And then my mother was bent on it. To tell you the truth, I could not live with them any longer, and I was brought up to work. I had to fly from London now, or else say things that I should regret afterwards. Since I refused Lord Clowes's offer, every time we passed through Bond-street, more and more people, and she talked all day long about the good trip to Paris would have done her. I can't stand that sort of thing. Afterwards they will both be able to shop to their heart's content."

"I see," said Martia, slowly. "You are a victim. But—you seem to do it in such a strange spirit, Claudia. You are an enigma."

"Oh, I have no illusions about the beauty of sacrifice, if that is what you mean," said the other, with a harsh laugh that was so out of harmony with her noble bearing that it had almost the effect of a physical blow.

"No, you seem to throw it at them, like a bone to a dog. But the mood won't last, Claudia, and you have no right to do it. Oh, listen to me; you are too big, too free—"

Lady Claudia held up a warning hand as she rose and said: "No another word, Martia. We have settled it. As you are all alone, come to dinner with us to-night. Lord Clowes and Verulam will be there. It is my father-in-law's birthday, and I have knitted him a silk purse to keep his pennies in."

To be Continued To-morrow.



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**HOUSEWIFE**; 11 years' experience; age 30; £20; disengaged—505, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LINEN KEEPER**, experienced, for large establishment; age 30; £30-255, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LINENMAID**, age 31; £16; disengaged now—518, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**STILL-ROOM MAID** (first); age 30; £26; good references—525, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**STILL-ROOM MAID**, Se-ond, disengaged now—518, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LADY MAID**, age 37; £35; good dress-making; age 23; £20; disengaged—O 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**PARLOURMAID**, experienced; age 20; not tall; £24-26; now at liberty—299, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**PARLOURMAID**, thoroughly experienced; age 20; £20; good references—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**UPPER HOUSEMAID**, disengaged Nov. 23; understands maid's duties, good packer and needlewoman; £26-284, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**SECOND HOUSEMAID**, disengaged Nov. 15th; well recommended; £20-23; age 25; Church of England—523, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, in hotel; age 25; £18; good references—502, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**; age 24; £16; disengaged; H hotel only—501, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, single-handed; age 20; £18; R.C.; good references; town or country—296, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, single-handed, aged 28; £22; £24; disengaged now; good references—285, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, good, single-handed; age 23; £20-22; good references; now disengaged—281, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, age 25; £18-20. Hotel references; will take private—O 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**CHAMBERMAID** (good); disengaged now; age 40; £30; town or country—509, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**; age 29; £18; good season references—507, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**; good; age 33; £16; excellent references—506, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**; age 26; £16-18; excellent references—504, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**, experienced; age 30; £18; disengaged—O 79, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**, age 24; £16-18; disengaged now—O 80, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE CHAMBERMAID**; age 26; £18; good references—O 81, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**KITCHENMAID**, young, now disengaged; age 17; for London; £20; good references—230, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**KITCHENMAID**, age 30; £24-26; expert; good; £20; disengaged—517, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**KITCHENMAID**, in hotel; age 24; £24-25; excellent references—516, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**KITCHENMAID**, first-class; age 32; £40; must sleep out; 15 years' experience—O 77, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**QUEET** home required for good Kitchenmaid, age 21; £18; now disengaged—294, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**WOMAN** wants charring or office cleaning—E. T. 1, Cross-road, Wimbledon.

**FRENCH LADY** desires 'Useful Help' place; £24; no English—O 75, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**USEFUL HELP** disengaged; age 43; £20; £20; disengaged—282, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**SUPERIOR** Children's Nurse; take baby from the month; age 28; £35; good references—302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

**SWISS NURSE** (experienced); age 29; £20; disengaged now; good references—Address 655, "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond-st.

**MATERNITY NURSE** (certified Queen Charlotte's Hospital), now disengaged. Highest references. Six guineas monthly—Nurse Edwards, 7, Norfolk-avenue, Southend.

**TWO sisters** require posts as Nursery Governess and Companion respectively; highly recommended; ages 25-32; £24, £20-307, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**DAILY GOVERNESS**: English, French, German, Lat. Drawing, Music; excellent refs.; age 27; £10-304, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**GOVERNESS** or Companion, age 43; £40; at three years' reference; any post of trust—293, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**GOVERNESS** to young children; kind-garden; age 37; £30-35-259, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**NURSERY GOVERNESS**, Norwegian; Protestant; age 26; £20; good references—262, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**EXPERIENCED** lady requires post as Companion to young lady; French; French; age 27; £30-35-259, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**YOUNG** lady as useful Companion; French; French; age 27; £30-35-259, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**ACCOMPANIST** and coach to people wishing to practice or to artists—Mrs. Symonds-Tindal, 18, Old Burlington-street, W.

**GENTLEMAN** leaving for Argentina, 20th libel; willing to undertake private commissions; investigations etc.; second visit—Box 6, Blake's Newspaper, 11, Old Burlington-street, W.

**LADY** leaving England strongly recommends her superior cook and house-parlourmaid for temporary place till April 30—Apply Mrs. W. D. Green, Macartney House, Greenwich.

**MRS. SPOTTSWOOD** highly recommends her superior cook and house-parlourmaid; light weight, 5ft. 4in., age 22—Edward Francis, 116, Adrian-terrace, Redcliffe-square, S.W.

**WILL** kind employer, in London, give light appearance and manner; has recovered from examination as teacher—W. J. G. Green, Wells, Church House, Dean-yard, Westminster.

**WANTED**, by elderly couple, as caretakers, place of trust; husband as gardener; good references—R. 15, Basing-road, Peckham.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

**BUTLER** required; age in family—272, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LADY COOK** and House-parlourmaid; £24-270, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LADY COOK** and House-parlourmaid; two in family; £24, £22-563, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** and House-parlourmaid required by 274, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** and House-parlourmaid; 25-35; wages at once—B. 1, "Daily Mirror," Office, New Bond-st.

**COOK**, experienced, wanted; £40-50; kitchenmaid kept—540, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK**, reliable, trustworthy, required to do little housework; one day a week; also housemaid—O 89, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK**, plain, wanted; £16; at once—644, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK**, plain, wanted; £16; good home; large family—545, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK**, good, plain, wanted; not over 30; small family; h.p. maid kept; wages £20 to £22; personal reference—Mrs. B. 10, Fairfield-road, Croydon.

**COOK** (good) wanted; under 30; 2 in family; house-parlourmaid kept—Write L. 50, Great Folkestone Road, St. John's-sq., N.W.

**COOK** and Parlourmaid wanted at once, for Folkestone—O 76, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** for country, near London—O 86, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** GENERAL and House-parlourmaid for New Bond-st.

**COOK** GENERAL wanted, for family of 3; household kept; good wages—Apply Mrs. B. 11, Harwood-road, Gunpowder, W.

**COOK** GENERAL; 18-25; wages £18-22; at once; no bedroom work—114, Fordwych-road, W. Hampstead.

**COOK** GENERAL wanted; 2 in family; for Bond-st.

**COOK** GENERAL, at once; £20; five in family—579, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** GENERAL, two in family; no late dinner; £20; age to 35-267, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**COOK** GENERAL, aged about 22; no children; must keep good; age 22; 6 Great Portland-street, Oxford-street, W.; side door.

**COOK** GENERAL, with good references; 3 in family; wages £18-19—Apply 154, Oldbaldon-road, Clapton Common, N.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

**COOK** GENERAL (young) wanted for small family; household kept—Apply, by letter, 16, Comragh-road, West Kensington.

**GENERAL** (superior) who can cook; Swiss preferred; Mrs. Aldington, Warwick Court, Walmer.

**GENERAL** for business-house (draper)—7, Gloster-road, Palace Gate, South Kensington.

**GENERAL**, good; lady, gentleman, and child (20 months) in family—Kilbarney, Ward, Hurlstree, Halesowen.

**GENERAL**—Good home and outings; no cooking—2, St. John's-villas, Southern-road, East Finchley.

**GENERAL** (good) wanted; age about 26; references; wages £18, inclusive—Apply 28, Richborough-road, Cricklewood.

**GENERAL SERVANT** (superior) wanted who can cook well; 2 in family; good wages—Call after 3, 420, Goswell-road, Islington.

**GENERAL SERVANT**; 20-25; good character; wages £30. Islington, Harington-road, Grove Park, Chiswick.

**GENERAL SERVANT** wanted; age 20; wages £18 to £20—Apply between 5 and 7 p.m., Barnes, 15, Woodland-rise, Highgate.

**GENERAL SERVANT**, about 19; no washing or cooking; £14; references—15, Lymouth-road, Stamford Hill, N.

**GENERAL**, SERVANT wanted, age 18-24; with good character—Dunton, 34, Barrow-road, West Hampstead.

**GENERAL SERVANT**, good, wanted, beginning of January; comfortable home; liberal wages; £18-20—Apply to Mrs. Bennet, 21, Queenswood-avenue, Muswell Hill-road, Highgate.

**USEFUL** servant required at once; one lady; £20-22-2—O 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**YOUNG** General, 17 or 18 years; £10; no cooking required—261, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**YOUNG** General for three in family; £10-12-268, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**GERMAN** or Swiss General, £18-20, required by 21st inst.; travelling exp.—271, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**SUPERIOR** General, Swiss preferred; three in family; £16 to £20; for country—264, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**USEFUL** Help or General preferred; two in family; £16-269, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**GOOD** single-handed Housemaid wanted; five in family; £10-22-559, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**SINGLE-HANDED** Housemaid wanted; age 20; £18-555, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAIDS**, two, Required, one as housekeeper; household for 10 and supervision; £18-22; all food—O 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID**, good needlewoman, one who has been trained under upper household preferred; family seven; five servants—1, Britany Lodge, Edwarde-square, W.

**HOUSEMAID**, good, wanted; two in family; three servants kept; £18-22-2—O 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSEMAID** wanted; 6 in family; wage £14 to £18; good general kept—Apply by letter first to 40, Belvedere-road, Upper Norwood.

**HOUSEMAID** Required; £20-22; three servants kept—Mrs. Allan, 13, Ashley-place, Westminster.

**HOUSEMAID**, single-handed; small family; good place—Metcalf, Stourbridge Park, N.W.

**HOUSEMAID** wanted; wages £18; 30; St. Helen's-road, Norbury, S.W.

**HOUSEMAID** (single-handed) wanted at once—Mrs. J. L. Kinds, The Hyde, Hendon.

**NURSE**, good, for India; good wages—Berts, 12, Belisle-avenue, Hampstead.

**NURSE** HOUSEMAID required at once; five in family; £16-18-277, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**HOUSE PARLOURMAID** wanted for small house; 2 in family; must be of good appearance, neat, able to clean silver well, and wait at table—Apply 24, Bond-st.

**HOUSE PARLOURMAID** wanted, and enclosing a photograph to Oaklands, Albany-park, Kingston-on-Thames.

**HOUSE PARLOURMAID** wanted, from December; liberal wages; good home; 2 others kept—Write Mrs. E. 39, Hilldrop-road, Camden-road, N.

**HOUSE PARLOURMAID** required for 3 in family; 4 servants kept; £24-280, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LADY HELP** (French) for Folkestone; 4 children; Swiss preferred; good needlewoman; £18-325, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**LADY'S MAID** (temporary) wanted at once—O 87, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**PARLOURMAID**, for three in family; 5 ser; must keep good; wages £18, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**PARLOURMAID** wanted; six in family; £22-224-542, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

**MAID**, experienced, for Wales, good hair-dresser and dressmaking; £30; age 30 to 35-260, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**USEFUL** Maid, one lady; drawing-room servant kept—273, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**WANTED**, Useful Help; plain cooking; servant kept—543, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**MOTHER'S HELP** wanted; domesticated; good needlewoman; salary £12-4, Glenbrook-road, West Hampstead, N.W.

**KITCHENMAID** wanted by 29th; £16-645, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**EXPERIENCED** Nurse wanted; two children; good needlewoman; £21-537, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**FRENCH** Nurse, lady preferred; three boys; good needlewoman—259, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**GOOD** Nurse wanted; three children; £26-538, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**NURSE** (single-handed), for 3 children, aged 5, 6, and 8 years (morning governess kept); must be good needlewoman, able to cut out; age about 30; wages £22 to £25; personal references—Mrs. M. 2, Dells Hill-lane, Neasden, London, N.W.

**WANTED**, French Nurse; four children; age 29; £20-536, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**WANTED**, good Nurse; two children; £26-541, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**WANTED**, Lady as Companion-housekeeper; domesticated, cheerful, well-educated; B.C.—Apply Mrs. Plant, Olive House, Tottenham, W. Hampstead.

**YOUNG** Lady as mother's help; domesticated; good of children; comfortable home; wages £18-20—Apply to Mrs. Trowell, 82, Barrington-road, Crouch-end, N.

**GIRL** (unmarried), required, 15-17—Ferncroft, Holmwood, Surrey.

**AGENTS** wanted (either sex) to sell rubber heel-pads to private users; ready sale; large profit—Apply Harford and Co., Wheelchair, Nottingham.

**AGENTS** wanted, London and country, for the sale of sewing machines and books on the subject of domestic economy, and commission paid—Apply by letter only, Manager, 125B, Garden-road, West Ealing.

**AGENTS** wanted, by a tea agency, offering to purchase unique housework suitable for the widow, married man, bachelor, and spinster earning their own living; lady agents may also apply if prepared to devote all or spare time to canvassing; a good income can be made—Apply Telford, 10, Cannon-st., Ltd., 50, Cannon-st., London, E.C.

**AN IMPORTANT LONDON FINANCIAL INSTITUTE** requires OUTDOOR LADY REPRESENTATIVES to visit and inspect apartments to introduce a new form of high-class investment (equivalent to Trustee Security) and to advise on the same. No other applications from ladies moving in the highest circles of society. The position is light and congenial, but applicants MUST be quick at figures and easily grasp the principles of financial investment. No others need apply. There is no fixed salary, but the business offers excellent immediate returns and a most energetic and enterprising. Applicants, accompanied by suitable references, should be addressed to 537, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st.

**CANVASSERS** (respectable and energetic) wanted, either sex, to sell Widows' Pension and other Government securities. Apply The British Empire Tea Company, 41, North John-street, Liverpool.

**CANVASSERS**, capable, wanted in town and country, for the sale of my patent gas self-lighter; really smart men can make a good income—Apply J. Meyer, 1, Butler-street, E.C.

**COFFEE TAVERN**—Manager wanted; married, abstemious; good testimonials indispensable; wife able to cook, and man to keep accounts; only one bedroom—Address, stating salary, Secretary, Barrowdown, Frimley-green, Surrey.

**COMMISSION** agents wanted in good districts to sell and deliver new-laid eggs and roll butter to premium dealers; must have good references and some capital—The Ulster New-laid Egg Depot, 20, Cowish, Ireland.

**JUNIOR CLERK** wanted in engineer's office in country; age not over 21—Apply Lintott, Engineering Works, Hornham.

**MILINERY**—Vacancies for lady pupils; thorough training; ladies' workroom; short hours; premium salary—Apply by letter only, to James Spence and Co., Ltd., 76/80, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

**THEFT** WRITER (trial), also improver; state wages—Woolens, Ltd., York-street, Sheffield.

**TWO** Parents and Guardians, Wanted, a most intelligent Youth (fresh from school preferred), to be apprenticed to the Drapery trade, to premium dealer—Apply by letter only, to James Spence and Co., Ltd., 76/80, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

**PIANO**—Handsome walnut, full-compass, tri-cord; bargain; good tone—J. C. 29, Sea-grass-road, Fulham.

**A FEW** first-class piano players, in thorough return for the sale of my patent gas self-lighter at £25 cash—W. J. Ennesen and Sons, 70, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.



# "Daily Mirror" Private Advertisements (Continued).

## ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

**A CAY GARDEN.**—January to June, 6s.; photograph free. **Johns, 10, Chester.**

**A SHOT** mouse silk petticoat, quite new, 10s.; a lovely black silk tea gown, profusely trimmed with cream lace, 95s. **New Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**A QUANTITY** of ladies' riding habits for sale very cheap. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**A LARGE** quantity of boots and shoes at low prices. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**A LARGE** stock of underlinen to be sold at very low prices; all travellers' samples. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**A POTTERIES' HALL** Examination; splendid complete set Materials; specimens of various guinea. **Transvaal, Ryde.**

**APPLE TREES**, strong and healthy; **Cornwall, Bishops, Bishops.**

**AN ENGLISH ENGRAVING, LACES.**—**Ministers, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**MISS FALCONER, 4, Orchard-street, W.**

**BOOKS.**—Any valuable ones wanted; also "Times Encyclopedia, 35 vols."—**Baker's Bookshop, Birmingham.**

**BOOKS.**—Have you any books to sell? If so, send to us; we will pay for them. **3,000 wanted free.**—**Jukes, Bookellers, Birmingham.**

**BABY'S LONG CLOTHES**, complete set, 50s. **Articles, very good, 10s. 6d.**—**Mrs. Max, The Cause, Nottingham.**

**BLACK VELVET** of Russian cloth, with long braid, 1st class, 6s. 6d.; 2nd class, 5s. 6d.; 3rd class, 4s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BOUGHERS**, costumes, silk petticoats, corsets, 10s. 6d. **Extraordinary value.**—**35, Lorn-rd, W.**

**BLACK** plated cloth dress, very handsome, trimmed with white lace and fancy braid; lined with black silk. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BLUE** tuckered cloth evening gown, panels of ground silk, real lace, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BROWN** Tweed travelling, lined squirrel, 1st class, 6s. 6d.; 2nd class, 5s. 6d.; 3rd class, 4s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BROCADED** silk skirt, 15s.; handsome black sequin skirt, over black silk, 4s. 6d. **New Bond-street, W.**

**BREAKFAST** Delicacies—**George Young and Sons, Limited, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**BUFF** ORPINGTONS, Leghorns, Faverolles, Campines, Ducks, catalogue; pupils; request—**Miss Edwards, Coaley Poultry Farm, Gloucestershire.**

**CANADIAN** Sable muff and tie, 45s. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**DAINTY TEETH** FOR LADIES—We are now in possession of the most perfect and reliable teeth in the world. **35, Lorn-rd, W.**

**DANCING** Surface Instant without dust or grease; the genuine and original Turner's Ball; Whiteley's; John Barker's; and the Army and Navy Stores, by post, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. **Turner's Ball, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**ELLALINE TERRIS**, Edna May, Mabel Love and Markham's Bazaar. **35, Lorn-rd, W.**

**FISH**—7lbs. 2s., 10lbs. and upwards 3s. per lb. **carefully cleaned; carriage paid; freshness guaranteed; supplied; request on application.**—**Crown Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.**

**GENTLEMAN'S** Overcoat; blue cloth, velvet collar, chest of drawers, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GENT'S** or boy's reliable watch, in oxidized gold or silver, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GREY** cloth costume, pleated skirt, Russian blouse with chin collar, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GREY** silk and chiffon evening gown; good size, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GENTLEMAN'S** Black cloth motor coat, lined natural fur, 45s. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GOODS** are not sent on approval. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**LADY'S** gold stamped keychain watch, richly engraved case, pretty gilt dial, good jewelled movement, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**LARGE** terrace, grain-fed, harvest chaff, 3s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MAGNIFICENT** Sable Pelrine, very large, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MARABOUT** Stole, very wide and three yards long; in natural brown; cost five guineas; price 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MAID** to lady, sells privately ladies' 18s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**NAVY** SERGE, Real, from 1s. 3d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**PINK** silk opera cloak, lined white satin, collar and shoulders trimmed with gold and silver, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**PERSIAN** Lamb coat, price 45s. **Victoria-street, W.**

## ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED.

**POTATOES**—Good sound potatoes delivered, 5s. 6d. per bag; cash with order, returnable if unsatisfactory. **Henry, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SEAL** Belton in excellent condition; 60s. **The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.**

**SPLENDID** pair of riding boots, size large 10s.; quite new; by Box, Regent-street, 43, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

**SEVERAL** lovely ostrich feather and tortoise-shell fans for sale at the Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.

**SHORT** Russian coat in caracul, with large collar and wide sleeves; price 42s.; a similar coat, lined with fur, 45s. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**SMART** Driving Coat, in navy blue cloth; full length, strapped, and trimmed with fur; price 45s. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**TEA** Gown of white panne, with frillings of gold, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**TURKISH** Bath Cabinet, 50s. quality; 30s. only; perfect, new, complete. **Bank-side, W.**

**USEFUL** Rough tweed travelling cloak, price 10s.; lovely ermine collar and muff, trimmed with black silk, 45s. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**USEFUL** heavy tweed coat and skirt, price 41s. 10s.; smart mauve camel-hair coat, 45s. 10s.; 2nd class, 35s. 10s.; 3rd class, 25s. 10s. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BLACK** velvet of Russian cloth, with long braid, 1st class, 6s. 6d.; 2nd class, 5s. 6d.; 3rd class, 4s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BLUE** tuckered cloth evening gown, panels of ground silk, real lace, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BROWN** Tweed travelling, lined squirrel, 1st class, 6s. 6d.; 2nd class, 5s. 6d.; 3rd class, 4s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**BROCADED** silk skirt, 15s.; handsome black sequin skirt, over black silk, 4s. 6d. **New Bond-street, W.**

**BREAKFAST** Delicacies—**George Young and Sons, Limited, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**BUFF** ORPINGTONS, Leghorns, Faverolles, Campines, Ducks, catalogue; pupils; request—**Miss Edwards, Coaley Poultry Farm, Gloucestershire.**

**CANADIAN** Sable muff and tie, 45s. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**DAINTY TEETH** FOR LADIES—We are now in possession of the most perfect and reliable teeth in the world. **35, Lorn-rd, W.**

**DANCING** Surface Instant without dust or grease; the genuine and original Turner's Ball; Whiteley's; John Barker's; and the Army and Navy Stores, by post, 1s. 2d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. **Turner's Ball, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**ELLALINE TERRIS**, Edna May, Mabel Love and Markham's Bazaar. **35, Lorn-rd, W.**

**FISH**—7lbs. 2s., 10lbs. and upwards 3s. per lb. **carefully cleaned; carriage paid; freshness guaranteed; supplied; request on application.**—**Crown Fish Company, Grimsby Docks.**

**GENTLEMAN'S** Overcoat; blue cloth, velvet collar, chest of drawers, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GENT'S** or boy's reliable watch, in oxidized gold or silver, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GREY** cloth costume, pleated skirt, Russian blouse with chin collar, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GREY** silk and chiffon evening gown; good size, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GENTLEMAN'S** Black cloth motor coat, lined natural fur, 45s. **Victoria-street, W.**

**GOODS** are not sent on approval. **The Bond-street Dress Agency, Limited, 95, New Bond-street, W.**

**LADY'S** gold stamped keychain watch, richly engraved case, pretty gilt dial, good jewelled movement, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**LARGE** terrace, grain-fed, harvest chaff, 3s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MAGNIFICENT** Sable Pelrine, very large, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MARABOUT** Stole, very wide and three yards long; in natural brown; cost five guineas; price 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**MAID** to lady, sells privately ladies' 18s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**NAVY** SERGE, Real, from 1s. 3d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**PINK** silk opera cloak, lined white satin, collar and shoulders trimmed with gold and silver, 10s. 6d. **Victoria-street, W.**

**PERSIAN** Lamb coat, price 45s. **Victoria-street, W.**

**POTATOES**—Good sound potatoes delivered, 5s. 6d. per bag; cash with order, returnable if unsatisfactory. **Henry, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SEAL** Belton in excellent condition; 60s. **The Mart and Exchange, Limited, 106, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.**

## HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

**BALHAM.**—A bargain. Semi-detached villa for sale. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 living-rooms, 2 reception rooms, containing 600 sq. ft. of floor space. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**BATTERSEA** (Nos. 111 and 113, High-street).—Two capital houses; rental value 80 years; ground rent 4s. 6d.; price 4500 the two. **Mr. Bacon, 25, Liverpool-street, E.C.**

**BARNES** (with possession).—Freehold detached old-fashioned residence on 3 floors, containing 4 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, good garden, known as "Fairlie Cottage." **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**CLAPTON.**—An attractive bay-window house; 7 good rooms; nice garden; lease 74 years; only 2000. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**FOUR WEEKLY HOUSES** (shops for sale). **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**GROVE PARK.**—Choice freehold, semi-detached, 9-room house, well decorated; perfect drainage; 22 acres; 100 ft. of frontage; 100 ft. of frontage; 100 ft. of frontage. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**HACKNEY.**—A capital shop; let to excellent tenant; 24 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 24 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 24 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**HAMPSTEAD.**—A nice modern residence; price only 4625; or 460 cash and balance as rent; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**DECKHAM.**—Five houses; let to old tenants; at 14s. each; long lease; ground rent 12s. 6d.; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**PRETTY VILLA.**—Not overlooked, backing on to New River; 2 bedrooms, 2 parlours, and every convenience; nice garden; in perfect condition; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SEVEN SISTERS STATION** (2 minutes from).—Pretty house, beautifully re-decorated; 8 rooms, bath, and every convenience; tram and bus; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**ST. JOHN'S WOOD.**—Leasehold house and shop; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SHOP** property, Bowes Park, in the heart of the best business district; block of shops; let at very moderate rates; producing 4255 per annum; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SHOP** property, Walthamstow; a safe investment; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SHOP** property, bargain, Upton-park; hand-some block of 7 shops, with large dwelling houses; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**TOLLINGTON PARK.**—14, Turle-road; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**TOTTENHAM** (Broom-grove).—8, Kemble-road; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WALWORTH.**—Executive's sale—Two excellent weekly houses, 7 rooms each, let to very good tenants; rents 15s. each; lease about 60 years; ground rent 2s. 6d.; price 4500 each; never any arrears; no loss of rent. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WEST HAM CHURCH** (few yards from).—100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WEST HAMPSTEAD.**—Bay-windowed house; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WEST NORWOOD.**—Three villas for sale; cheap; cash down or as rent; 2 reception, 3 bedrooms; large gardens; healthy position. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**£400** will purchase a clear income of 1000 per annum; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**£100** will purchase a clear income of 1000 per annum; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

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**£100** will purchase a clear income of 1000 per annum; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

## HOUSES TO LET FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

**DETACHED** and semi-detached houses to let or sold opposite New District Station, South Harrow; two reception rooms, four bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 living-rooms, 2 reception rooms, containing 600 sq. ft. of floor space. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**NO. 1A, Greville-place, Malda Vale, W.**; modern bungalow, in very large garden, 60 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 60 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SHEDDERS** and convenient family man and grounds to be let at Falmouth, facing the Swan Pool and sea; 47 ft. per week. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.**—Furnished house to let; reception, 3 bedrooms, bath, piano; 1s. 1s. per week, or 3 rooms 15s. **Victoria House, Lyford-road, Falmouth.**

**FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.**

**FLATS.**—The very best maisonettes at the price in London; 2 and 3 bedrooms, large sitting-room, bath, and lavatory, good garden, and every modern convenience; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**FLATS.**—Modern, bath (bath and c.) 4 to 5 rooms; 40 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 40 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**FURNISHED FLAT** to let in superior house; sitting-room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, w.c., bath; 45s. per week; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SMALL FLATS** to be let, well planned, tastefully decorated, close to Stockwell Electric and Vauxhall Stations, and 4 good rooms; besides kitchen and bath; rents 45s. per week; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.**

**BEDFORDSHIRE.**—County Butcher's business; established 30 years; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SMALL BUSINESSES** and restaurant wanted. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**SONS OF GENTLEMEN** should not emigrate, but being more profitable to grow produce under glass; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WHEELWRIGHTS** and Tyresmiths' business to be sold as a going concern, owing to the death of the proprietor; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WINE** and Spirit Business for disposal, good; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**WANTED.** hand laundry, or premises suitable, within 10 miles of London. **For further particulars apply to Mr. Cartwright, 10, Victoria-street, W.**

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**BAD WRITING** rapidly changed into business style; 100 ft. frontage; 10 ft. deep